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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .	561	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Spain in Decadence. By R. B. Cunningham Graham . . .	571	Charles I. and the "Political History of England". By Ada Shurmer . . .	578
Mr. Balfour's Opportunity . . .	564	Drawings. By Laurence Binyon . . .	572	The Desecration of the Matterhorn. By Hans Ed. Fierze . . .	578
The New Railway Order . . .	565	Somersby. By the Rev. Douglas Maclean . . .	573	"Flat Essex." By B. Morris . . .	578
The Hearst-Republican Combine . . .	566	The Rewards of Patriotism. By "Pat" . . .	574	REVIEWS:	
Lord Curzon's Frontiers . . .	567	A Classic Chess Game . . .	576	Ave Venezia . . .	579
THE CITY . . .	568	CORRESPONDENCE:		Historian or Tragedian? . . .	579
INSURANCE:		Forthcoming Licensing Legislation. By H. R. Gawen Gogay . . .	576	Lady Dorothy Nevill Again . . .	580
The Liabilities of Landlords . . .	569	Channel Train Ferry: The New Project. By Captain Chas. Slack . . .	577	The Microscope and Modern Needs . . .	581
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Boers and British Officers . . .	577	Mr. Hueffer's Unrealities . . .	581
Pace and the Eye. By the Lord Montagu of Beaulieu . . .	569	The Agricultural Padgett M.P. . .	577	NOVELS . . .	582
				NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . . .	582
				THE NOVEMBER REVIEWS . . .	583

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Wednesday was big with the fate of the railways. The meetings which were taking place on that day, first between Mr. Lloyd George and the railway directors' representatives, next between him and the Executive of the Amalgamated Society, and finally again between him and the directors' representatives, were curiously inconsistent with the consternation of the evening newspapers on the preceding Friday. One and all seem to have supposed that the railway men had thrown Mr. Lloyd George overboard altogether, and that a strike would be ordered off-hand. Monday brought a truer rendering of the Caxton Hall statement; and the speeches of Mr. J. E. Ellis and Mr. Bell at the great meeting in the Albert Hall on Sunday showed that the railway men were waiting for the meetings on Wednesday in the hope that what was to be done then would avert the danger of a strike.

When the news was published that a settlement had been reached the feeling of satisfaction that the strike had been averted in any way left in abeyance the question which party had gained or lost most of the deal. Further consideration makes it clearer that the settlement is a good one, and what a compromise should be. Each party surrenders some claim, but receives in exchange a benefit. The trade unions do not get recognition, but gain the conciliation boards and arbitration. The companies win on recognition, but submit to a system which was undreamed of when the railway agitation began. Railway men, the companies, and the country are fortunate that the dispute is concluded on such terms.

The manner of Mr. Lloyd George's success in politics is instructive for young and ambitious men in Parliament. He without the least doubt laid the foundations of this success in a large sphere by closely attending for years to matters of—comparatively—only local interest. Mr. George was audacious from the day he entered the House; we may say "audacious" now, though this was not the word employed by old and established parliamentarians then; they called him "impudent"; we remember a strong and leading man in the House saying "that little set of Welshmen"—Mr. George and one or two others in his set—"are the cheekiest beggars in the House of Commons". It was quite true. But, wiser than most young men, Mr. George confined himself to cheek in things he really knew about. He ran Welsh parochial politics for all they were worth for years, never venturing into the larger arena.

Mr. George was urged by his frothier friends to come out and fight in a finer field. But he preferred to cling to Little Bethel. True, he and kindly Tom Ellis—who was styled the Welsh Parnell, when he should have been styled the Welsh Justin McCarthy—did fight the Clergy Discipline Bill, and in Sir Henry Fowler's view insulted Mr. Gladstone by their opposition in Grand Committee; but the attack on that Bill was almost wholly a Welsh attack. Mr. George indeed restricted himself to parochial politics till the Agricultural Rating Bill was obstructed in the House of Commons, when he came out as a leading figure on the Opposition benches. By then he had won large knowledge of methods and men in Parliament, and he was well qualified for general work. It is a curious fact that few people in politics would recognise the rare ability of Mr. George at the start. The London press for years took no notice of him, and to predict a great future for him was to be laughed at. His wonderful quickness in debate, his brass, and the certainty that he would rise were alluded to only in a Welsh paper, and that a hostile one—the "Western Mail".

We think, however, that Mr. Lloyd George has mounted, practically, to the top rung of his ladder. It

is a remarkable feat, and he is too strong-headed a man to grow giddy now he is there. Mr. George might—possibly—one day find himself at the Treasury, but it is not credible that he will ever be its First Lord. A Leader of the Liberal Party need not be an aristocrat or member of the old ruling class; the Prime Minister proves this clearly enough. Perhaps he need not be a public-school or University man. But we believe there will still be required in him a certain quality in which Mr. Lloyd George, with all his ability and good sense and courtesy, is lacking. This quality, which is not very easy to define, is only found in those who have had “a liberal education” and have mixed freely with the “upper classes” in this country.

Tariff reformers will be very much in evidence at the conference of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Birmingham next week. In fact, they seem to be in possession of the whole thing. The object of the many fiscal resolutions—Mr. Chaplin is moving, Mr. F. E. Smith, and necessarily Sir Howard Vincent—apparently is to assert that tariff reform is an essential part of Unionist policy—a proposition which at this time of day hardly seems to require emphasis. Any question that may have been on the point has been settled by facts. However, like most resolutions on these occasions, they will do no harm. Fortunately the striking inconsequence of proceedings at these conferences will save Mr. Arnold Ward's proposal, that the National Union should excommunicate any Unionist who is not a tariff reformer, from doing mischief. Even if passed, the resolution will not unseat Lord Robert Cecil. The really useful resolution of the conference is Mr. Maxse's; for to only too many Unionist local leaders it is far from obvious that working men must be given their place in Unionist organisation, and that the programme, to be of any use, must be constructive.

This year's municipal elections have been distinguished by the coming into operation of the Qualification of Women Act and by some candidatures of women under it; but there has been no rush. They have also been marked by a greatly increased number of candidates of the labour and socialist parties. Instead however of winning new seats these parties have lost many of those they previously held, and are weaker now than they were before. They have in fact been too ambitious, and in the present state of public feeling would do better to lie low. A lesson has been given which may be useful in other elections.

It is clear that the cattle-drivers in Ireland have interpreted Mr. Birrell's careless cynical reference to the matter last session as a kind of veiled permission to go ahead. Going ahead they are. No one who takes the trouble to look at Irish papers can doubt that cattle-driving has of late become quite general in various parts of the country. In Meath it seems to be the chief occupation of a large number of Nationalists. We have been so accustomed for a generation past to sensational outrages in Ireland that this bloodless form of agitation is taken little note of. Yet it is a most effective defiance of law. It is also a most mean-hearted offence. Chivying and terrifying poor harmless cattle because you want to pay off their owners—what a barbarous thing this is!

We are glad to see that Mr. Herbert Trench is pressing on the notice of English people the Quilty Fishermen's Fund. In Ireland Mr. H. R. Glynn, of Kilrush, is concerning himself with the fund and the work of distribution. About sixty pounds have been raised, but we hope this will soon be doubled. These heroic Clare peasants, it will be remembered, strove for two days with the sea and finally succeeded in rescuing the crew of the French ship “Léon XIII”. The Quilty district and the fishers themselves are very poor.

On Wednesday Lord Carrington spoke in a moderate tone about Small Holdings. We are not at all surprised to hear that there have been many applications for Crown Land holdings, and quite agree with him that many agricultural labourers would like to become

small farmers. But the real point is whether, having got his small holding, the labourer will be able to squeeze a livelihood out of it, unless he has some additional work. Brutal experience has shown in too many cases that he cannot do so in this country. A hundred years ago Lord Winchilsea and others, who desired to increase the number of very small farmers, were faced by this difficulty. Lord Winchilsea wished so to arrange it that the labourer should have a strip of land to farm and yet not risk his livelihood by giving up his paid work. An ideal arrangement, but unfortunately one that would not, in practice, work.

Have Dr. Jameson and Mr. Schreiner entered into an unwritten and secret covenant for the purposes of the General Elections at the Cape? It would appear so from the Premier's speech on Thursday. The Progressives are changing their name to Unionists in order that the party which aims at putting the interests of the colony before those of any section may be as broad-based as possible. As to who is to lead the Unionists Dr. Jameson maintained a discreet silence. A leader, he suggests, must be evolved by the course of events in the next week or two, and if Mr. Schreiner should prove to be that leader, then we glean Dr. Jameson will be among his supporters. That is a development for which we have hardly been prepared. In the interests of Cape Unionism Dr. Jameson would seem to be as willing to efface himself as was Lord Salisbury in the interests of Unionism at home when he proposed to serve under Lord Hartington.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has had a long innings as Dominion Premier. Mr. Borden the Opposition leader has just made a tour through several of the provinces, covering some ten thousand miles, and has everywhere been received with an enthusiasm which has heartened the party. Its effect is best seen in the demand of the Liberals that certain Ministers should forthwith arrange to follow in Mr. Borden's tracks, with a view to putting the Government case before the same audiences. Whatever may be the feeling of the constituencies as between Conservatives and Liberals, the Government have scored heavily in another direction. Mr. Turgeon, the Minister of Lands and Forests, was recently the object of bitter attacks by Mr. Bourrassa, the Nationalist. The Minister, having resigned, not only took the matter to the courts but challenged Mr. Bourrassa to stand against him in an appeal to the people. Mr. Bourrassa promptly accepted, resigned his own seat, met Mr. Turgeon in a square fight for Mr. Turgeon's late constituency, and has been soundly beaten. The blow to the Nationalist cause in Canada must be heavy, though Mr. Bourrassa's courage at least shows the sincerity of his attack.

Prince Bülow on Tuesday appeared as a witness in the libel action which he has had to bring against the journalist Brand for making statements about the Prince similar to those made by Herr Harden against Count Kuno von Moltke. From the accounts of Brand's demeanour and his evidence about himself he is a sorry sort of person whose statements were not deserving notice by anyone, especially by the Chancellor of the Empire. But Herr Harden seems to have created a panic, and even Brand, a neurotic seeker of notoriety, cannot be ignored. The most important of Prince Bülow's statements was that he had absolutely had nothing to do with the “Zukunft” articles, and had neither inspired nor influenced them. This was in reply to the allegation of Brand that Prince Bülow had exploited the charges against Prince Eulenburg and the rest for political purposes. The trial in this case was conducted by the Public Prosecutor before five judges. Prince Eulenburg, who did not appear in the previous trial, gave evidence. Brand was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Signor Nasi, formerly Minister for Education in the Zanardelli Ministry, having been “wanted” for three years, has at last been placed on his trial before the Italian Senate. When the charges of peculation of public moneys were made against him in 1904 the

Signor disappeared and remained in hiding until last June, when he appeared once more in his native Sicily. He had become emboldened by the fact that all the attempts made to carry on the prosecution in his absence had failed. His counsel pleaded that the ordinary Courts had no jurisdiction to try an ex-Minister on charges connected with his administration. Finally this contention was upheld by the Court of Cassation. Then Signor Nasi returned; but the Court had dropped a hint, and a Parliamentary Commission advised that a trial should be held before the Senate sitting as a High Court of Justice. The trial began on Tuesday and is not yet finished. It is significant of the feeling between Sicilians and Italians that Signor Nasi has been frequently re-elected during his absence, and the Sicilians have made the prosecution another of their grievances against Italian government.

A bulky Yellow Book on Moorish affairs during the year and nine months preceding 22 October goes some way to explain the slackness of France in utilising her opportunities and accepting her full responsibilities. Alike on the coast and the Algerian frontier she has shown perhaps undue anxiety to avoid doing anything which should lend colour to the reports that she was seeking her own ends. Native fears and international jealousies interacted to make French movements suspect. The diplomatic difficulties were admittedly great, and no one can quarrel with France for desiring to reassure either Germany or the Sultan of her disinterestedness and good faith. At the same time it is hard to resist the conclusion that a little more courage against innuendo and energy in giving effect to the Algeciras Act might have averted the crisis which still exists.

What steps the Belgian Government and King Leopold are taking to put the affairs of the Congo Free State on a more satisfactory and humane footing is known only to themselves. There is no disposition on the part of those in this country who have taken the question up to allow the agitation to fall into abeyance until redress has been secured. An appeal to the nation, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Harry Johnston and many others representative of religious and political feeling, has been circulated. It summarises the reasons—commercial and philanthropic—why the State was handed over to the King of the Belgians and why it can no longer be allowed to remain in his control. The nation is urged to support the British Government in any measures it may deem necessary and practicable in the cause of justice and good government. Sir Harry Johnston points out that no mere transference of authority but only a complete change of system will meet the case. To put Belgium in a position to continue the existing régime would be to aggravate matters by making legal what is now in contravention of international treaties.

The municipal elections in New York and some other States owe whatever interest they have to the fact that Mr. Hearst's fusion with the Republicans has not prevailed against Tammany, which has carried the elections. At this time last year Mr. Hearst was in alliance with Tammany and the Republicans were denouncing him for a creature as vile as those he now declares the men to be who were his friends last year. It is amazing that Mr. Hearst should have been able to impose himself on the Democrats last year on his own terms and this year do the same with the Republicans. In neither case has the party he has joined won; so that the Republicans have abased themselves uselessly. Moreover the result shows that Mr. Hearst in New York State does not hold the balance of power, as was supposed. Possibly Mr. Hearst's Independence League is not so powerful elsewhere as it brags of being. The doubt may affect Mr. Hearst's prospects of forcing himself on the Democrats for nomination for the Presidency.

How far is reform in China making progress? Is it real or on paper? Optimism was perhaps the louder

note at the annual dinner of the China Association on Tuesday—always a successful function. The President, Mr. Gundry, who was in the chair, was more cautious in his estimate, not that he was pessimist; he admitted certain progress, but would not allow himself to be carried away by the sentiment of sympathy. The fact remains that financial reform is still only an aspiration in China; akin is not abolished; official corruption abounds, entirely because of bad national finance. Dr. Morrison preferred not to see these ugly things. The Chinese fascination has caught him. But his audience was willing to forgive him anything for the piquancy of his caustic survey of the world through Chinese eyes.

Assistant masters in endowed and public schools have just cause for being aggrieved with their position, as disclosed in a decision of the Appeal Court on Wednesday. Three assistant masters had been dismissed by the new head of Richmond (Yorkshire) school without notice. In a test action they sued the governors of the school for wrongful dismissal. Under the Endowed Schools Act, 1869, a scheme was made by the governors under which the head might be dismissed on six months' notice, and the head was empowered to appoint assistant masters and to dismiss them at pleasure. The Court held, upholding Mr. Justice Lawrence, that the scheme was not *ultra vires*; that the governors could not be sued, and that there was no custom, as the plaintiff, the assistant master, contended, that six months' notice should be given. There are very few cases of ordinary working, not to speak of educated, men who are engaged in occupations held on so frail a tenure.

An important point in the Housing question was brought out at the annual meeting on Monday of the Mansion House Council of the Dwellings of the Poor, a society as exceptionally useful as it is exceptionally unobtrusive. It was generally acknowledged that the supply of house-room in the metropolis had now overtaken the demand; more accurately, the demand had dropped to or below the supply. Here we have the good side of trams and cheap trains.

Lord Elcho at the London County Council meeting on Tuesday explained the bargaining between the Council and the Australian Commonwealth for "the finest plot of building land in London". The Council values it at twenty shillings a foot—but is there not a tradition that in the City some land is worth per foot as many sovereigns as will cover it? We suppose this must be the freehold, and the Council is only proposing a lease. Other less valuable positions of the Strand site are valued by the Council at twelve or so shillings per foot. Victoria has got one of these at thirteen shillings a foot; and the Commonwealth wants the Council to take twelve-and-six. As beauty is in the eye of the beholder, the value put on the land by the Council may too be only subjective; though it is checked by the actual estimate of its surveyor. At any rate it will not go below eighteen shillings. On the rent offered by the Commonwealth it would lose, on its own estimate, over £3,000 a year. Australia is a long way off and the ratepayers are very near.

An interesting and most important matter was raised at the annual meeting of the Aerated Bread Company last week by its Chairman. It seems likely that, fiscal reform or no fiscal reform, "your food will cost you more" ere long. Mr. Edwards' view, supported by fact and figure, is that the food supply of the world is not growing as the population of the world grows; that soon there will not be enough to go round—at the present low prices. The wheat harvests of the world are not so great as they should be, if low prices are still to prevail. Cocoa, too, is somewhat disappointing in bulk. In quality, however, one feels sure that cocoa is above reproach; for it is chiefly associated in this country with philanthropic and patriotic Liberalism.

Bournemouth is surrendering some of its lovely pine woods, but has to an extent compensated itself by an Undercliff Drive, which the town long opposed with

more energy than it seems to be capable of generating for keeping its natural attractions intact. The Undercliff Drive, for which men like Mr. Russell Cotes have fought so strenuously, will no doubt assist to maintain the cliffs; but incidentally the surveys taken in connexion with the building of the promenade have revealed an interesting fact. During a heavy storm in October four feet of sand was washed away along the whole front. It was a disturbing incident, and the contractors had reason to fear for the stability of their work. But it stood this severe test unharmed, and what the sea took away it returned. Elsewhere the sea makes up in one place for erosion at another. At Bournemouth it makes good in calmer moments the injury it does in times of storm.

The differences that have so long been gathering between Mr. Murray and the "Times" seem at last to be coming to a head. The book club is a controversy of an old date, but it has become complicated by the question of the "Letters of Queen Victoria", of which the firm of Murray were the publishers. In letters to the "Times" a writer commented very freely on the circumstances in which the letters have been issued to the public, and especially as to the price of three guineas at which they were issued, and the terms upon which the firm undertook their publication. These comments are complained of as libellous, and Mr. John Murray and Mr. Hallam Murray have issued a writ against the proprietors of the "Times" for damages. This contest between the leading publisher and the leading newspaper will be looked forward to with great interest.

What a difference there is between Englishmen and Scotsmen in their memory for ancient far-off things and battles long ago! The blue bonnets would have been over the border again if Wallace and Bruce had figured in the Lord Mayor's Show to make a Cockney holiday, as was proposed. Englishmen would not have noticed the difference if Wallace and Bruce had been represented leading Edward himself to chains and slavery. Most of them have forgotten or never knew which it was, and certainly never cared. They have even forgotten Guy Fawkes, while Jenny Geddes is still one of Scotland's national heroes. If Mr. Parker wanted to save Wallace why did he not represent Edward and Wallace in mortal combat: Edward sinking on his knees and Wallace waving his big broadsword over his head? The Cockneys would have cheered, the Scotsmen would have roared with delight, and everybody would have been happy.

It was a bold thing for the Museum to star the best British authors—that is assuming, as the press has, the Museum really meant by their new medallions that these authors were "the best". Should not the advice of Lord Avebury—who compiled the "Hundred Best Books"—and Sir Edward Clarke have been taken before this step? As it is, some dozens of the best advertised living authors have been busy during the week altering the Museum list. There are certainly a few great writers, such as Shelley, Ruskin, and George Eliot, who might have been—but who have not been—awarded medallions. However, we do not really suppose that any slight to them was meant—they were merely crowded out. And in any case we should prefer the choice of the Museum to that of the critics.

It is hard to believe that the Duke of Argyll means quite so much as he says when he sets his father above Gladstone as an orator. The Duke of Argyll undoubtedly had a stately style of speech. His voice was fine, and perhaps as elocutionist pure and simple he was at one time Gladstone's equal or superior. But the most perfect elocutionist in Parliament is no more the greatest orator than the best elocutionist on the stage is the greatest actor. Mr. Hermann Vezin is very likely a better elocutionist than was Garrick—but he is not necessarily therefore a greater actor. Gladstone, as a fact, was quite incomparably above the Duke of Argyll as an orator. The thing is past arguing; it is in the nature of established fact. We cannot imagine why the question should have been raised.

MR. BALFOUR'S OPPORTUNITY.

IT is a good thing Mr. Balfour is to speak next week. There is a general feeling in the party that it is time his silence were broken. Not that we have any patience with the fussy people who would have their leader making a public speech every week, if not every day, and are perpetually favouring him with their advice as to what he ought to say. These good folk seem to think Mr. Balfour is the last man who ought to have an opinion as to what Mr. Balfour ought to speak about. If they could stay to consider how little attention is paid to the talk of those who are always talking, they would perhaps keep a little quieter. We are the last to grudge Mr. Balfour the enjoyment of a little recreation, rest, and silence after the strain of a Parliamentary session. After all, it is little more than two months since Parliament rose.

But there are excuses—perhaps reasons is the juster word—for very earnest expectation of his coming speech at Birmingham. Conscious of the immense significance next election must have for the whole Empire, of its almost final importance from more than one point of view to the Unionist party, a great body of the most earnest and thoughtful members of the party are not quite happy as to the preparations that are being made to meet it. Nothing but hard work wins elections nowadays, and hard work begun long before the actual election campaign. Two or three weeks' feverish activity can never make up for years of apathy. Electioneering proper should really be nothing but firing trains laid long since. There is work being done, no doubt, but is it being done with understanding? There are points on which Unionists reasonably would like to know more plainly where they are. A few words from Mr. Balfour can make things much easier for Unionists who really want to work, to do something to rescue the country from the mischievous gang that is now worrying the whole Empire to breaking-point. A political army, like any other army, is of no use without a leader; and a leader, as Mr. Balfour said so emphatically of himself, must lead. Mr. Balfour's speech next week should do a great deal to get the whole party into fighting trim. He alone can effectually bring home to the class that ought to provide the officers, as it were, of the party the magnitude of the issues to be settled at the next election. They will hear him when they might not listen to anyone else. Hard, straight speaking from him may goad them into taking the field in earnest. One thing is quite certain: no one, neither officer nor petty officer nor private soldier, will work with much will unless he feels that his leader is working hard himself. They cannot follow if he does not show the way. Mr. Balfour's position in his own party is peculiar. He has no second: his responsibility is proportionately great. He is unquestionably the first man in public life of the present day. Some, not all of them his political friends, say he is the only really first-class man in the House of Commons. Necessarily much in every way is expected of him. Intellect alone cannot meet these great, yet reasonable, expectations.

There are some who still honestly doubt, and many more who pretend to doubt, whether Mr. Balfour can more correctly be claimed by Tariff Reformers or by Free Traders. Both no doubt do claim him; but in the face of his categorical statements more than once repeated it is difficult to understand how any Free Trader, in the controversial sense of the term, can honestly claim Mr. Balfour for his group. Speaking by the card, the Free Trader says that Mr. Balfour has often described himself as a Free Trader. He has, as distinguished from a Protectionist, not in the present controversial use as distinguished from a Tariff Reformer. Catching Mr. Balfour in his talk in this way is contemptible trifling. Mr. Balfour has stated plainly that he is not a Protectionist, the object of Protection being to raise prices; he is in favour of using import duties as a means of meeting and abating unfair foreign competition in our home market and our exclusion from foreign markets; he would have recourse to import duties as a means of raising revenue; he is in favour of mutual preferential tariff arrangements with

our self-governing colonies, which might involve a tax on foreign corn. To put into effect these fiscal proposals he has declared to be the first constructive item of the Unionist programme. In the face of these statements it is simply idle to doubt that Mr. Balfour is in favour of tariff reform. Why does he not go into detail? Why, some ask, does he not say specifically on what things he is going to put a tax and what the tax will be? The very question shows either inability or wilful refusal to understand the position. What man who was not a fool would draw up an elaborate scale of duties and dutiable articles before he knew the exact circumstance with which he would have to deal? Surely the meanest intellect can see that all these details must be settled largely in reference to the action of other parties, colonies on the one hand, foreign Powers on the other. If Mr. Balfour were silly enough to indulge this stupid curiosity, he could only produce a scheme too provisional in its nature to be of any use as a gauge of the merits of the general policy. On matters of principle certainly the public is entitled to a definite answer. It has a right to know, for instance, whether Mr. Balfour would in any event put a tax on foreign corn: and he has said plainly that there might be circumstances in which he would. And he has also said he would not tax raw materials. On this head he might very usefully dilate rather more fully than he yet has done; and he might very well say something at Birmingham about the mark the Colonial Conference and its sequel the Australian tariff has left on the fiscal controversy.

But in our judgment he would be distinctly wrong if he gave such prominence to Tariff Reform as to obscure the other issues which next election will decide, or if he so pressed it as to make it impossible for a Unionist who had scruples about accepting Mr. Balfour's fiscal position to remain in the party. Facts have already settled the question whether the Unionist party, if returned to power, would deal with tariff reform. But there are other heads of policy so important that it should be made easy for the Unionists (very few in fact) who do not want tariff reform to remain in the party and support Mr. Balfour in all other matters. With the House of Lords, Church Establishment, and religious education at stake, how absurd would it be that there should be any difficulty about Lord Robert Cecil, for instance, keeping his present seat and working with the party next session. Obviously Mr. Balfour must give great prominence to these purely defensive aspects of Unionist policy; though it is not on this side the party wants most leading. He will be doing a very important service if he guides the party in its present general assault on socialism. "Damning the Socialists" is easy and probably effective electioneering. But wholesale methods of this kind are apt to bring their nemesis with them. Unionists would do well if in storming the Socialists they tried to know more exactly what they were doing and took some care how they did it. We are not going to pretend to any tenderness on the Socialists' behalf. Socialism, in the correct sense, is, we know well enough, much misrepresented and often maligned; but for this they have themselves and themselves only to thank. The better sort of Socialists, very able men mostly, choose to keep bad company; and the average Socialist preaches damnable doctrines, irrelevant to his real faith if he understood it. Why should the world take the trouble to make distinctions the Peculiar People do not make for themselves? There are enough authentic socialist utterances to excuse the plain man regarding socialism as an anti-religious, anti-patriotic movement. But from the Unionist's point of view it would be much better if he continued the fight with knowledge. We do not like a great party using the word socialism as a sort of bogey to frighten the electorate into voting for them. With more knowledge they would hit more accurately. There is also the instant danger of anti-socialist fury committing the party to an individualist position, which the very facts of modern life will not tolerate. Tariff Reformers rightly insist on the inconsistency of Trade Unionists being Free Traders. But it is quite as inconsistent for a Tariff Reformer to be an individualist. Here, there can be no doubt, a guiding hand is wanted in the Unionist party.

And we hope Mr. Balfour will be able to say something about constructive social reform. One of the objects of the tariff policy is to be able to raise revenue for purposes of social reform. Mr. Balfour is himself much impressed with this aspect of the policy. The Unionist party must deal comprehensively with the whole Poor Law system; it must establish old-age pensions; it must settle religious education, and take up in earnest the teacher problem, which will mean a vast amount of money. Prison reform must be pushed on; Borstals must be multiplied; the young criminal must be reformed, the inveterate secluded, as in Belgium. All these things wait for the Unionist party to take them up. The Liberals can do nothing, admittedly, till they have pulled down the House of Lords. They have put off social reform till the Greek Kalends. Surely, the Unionist who realises the great things for which his party exists can never doubt that it is worth while to work.

THE NEW RAILWAY ORDER.

NOW that the Board of Trade arrangement has put an end to all fears of a strike on the railways everyone can turn comfortably to the pleasure of criticising it. For seven years at least it induces a feeling of security which has not been enjoyed at any time during the previous seven years. Three great railway unions have for this period surrendered their power of the strike and agreed to submit their claims as to wages and hours of employment in the last resort to arbitration. This is a great step in the right direction. Trade unions have generally refused to part with their primitive weapon of the strike; and declined, mostly, because they distrusted the class prejudices of the possible arbitrators. The agreement just made has, of course, no legal effect. It is not obligatory except in the sense that international treaties are; and there is no reserved power in the State to enforce it any more than there was such a power to compel submission to arbitration. Yet we see in the successful intervention of the Board of Trade in the railway dispute the advance the State is making in this direction. To Mr. Lloyd George, to the directors of the railway companies, and to the officials of the men's unions every acknowledgment must be made of the high personal qualities to which the country largely owes an escape from so dangerous a position. But an equally important matter must not be overlooked. Before Mr. Lloyd George came to the Board of Trade the Conciliation Act was passed. In the meantime a new spirit has been infused into the department determining it to utilise the Act to its utmost possible extent; and a new machinery has been prepared in anticipation of the work which it was intended the department should do whenever an occasion was presented. The railway trouble has been the greatest of such occasions; and we find in consequence of the new conditions a President of the Board of Trade with a department so organised that, being sure of his ground, he could deal confidently with the emergency that had arisen.

As Mr. Bell, Mr. Fox and Mr. Lowth have agreed to terms which plainly do not include the recognition of their unions, as they claimed, they have abandoned it for seven years. In all the claims which the men may proceed to make for redress of the grievances they allege, no representatives of the unions as such will manage their case with the companies, until, if the Conciliation Boards cannot arrange matters, the stage of arbitration is reached. Then the men would have the usual rights of parties to an arbitration of being represented by whom they might choose as advocates. Instead of recognition of the union, which only implied the right to express complaints, both unionists and non-unionists have obtained the right to sit with equal authority with the companies' delegates on regular boards for considering and deciding on the grievances. The companies no longer exercise a veto, but are bound to consult with their men to adjust questions of hours and wages. Mr. Bell and his colleagues get no special advantage for their unions. If their object, as it has been represented, was to strengthen them and force non-unionists, they are defeated; but if their object was to strengthen the

position of all railway men alike, as they have professed, they have succeeded to a very considerable extent. They put forward recognition in its original form at a time when it would have been an anachronism to suggest conditions such as have now been accepted by the companies. In this they had a strong backing of various parties in the country; but recognition was only approved as a preliminary to some modus by which the actual grievances of the men might be considered and if possible redressed. It was never supposed, and we think Mr. Bell's speeches never supposed, that there would be a strike about recognition if there were a fair proposal for redressing the grievances. The country would never have tolerated Mr. Bell striking for recognition in those circumstances, nor the companies resolutely refusing to modify the position in which they were the sole arbiters of whatever complaints were made to them. It had come to the conclusion that these questions were public property and that it ought to know what was going on.

Both parties were in an impasse and they were glad of anyone who could get them out of it. In their hearts the directors knew the men had good reason to complain, both of their wages and their hours. Mr. Bell equally knew that in the circumstances of the companies they could not as business concerns make the concessions he required. What was the use of recognition to him in such a case, even if he had not been chilled by knowing that if he refused any substantial alternative offered him he would not have the support of the public? It would be transferred to the directors; and they would then have the advantage which up to that point he had possessed. But then if this is the state of things, men justly discontented and companies with no means of removing the discontent, however willing, what is the good of all this new machinery that has been set up? The impasse is not evaded; it remains. We may wonder by what persuasions the President of the Board of Trade induced the parties to enter into so apparently futile a scheme. The recent controversy has brought out the directors' point more clearly that they have no funds, but plenty of obstacles to acquiring them. As this complaint is well founded the public, having escaped the strike danger, may be in an easier mood for considering such questions as the present limited power of the companies to deal with fares and rates, and their apparently unlimited liability to municipal and other local burdens of rating. The suggestion has been made that in these and other ways the companies might be put on a sounder business footing than they are at present. There undoubtedly would be strenuous opposition to legislation in this direction, but it would wonderfully well suit the books both of the companies and the men, who could then "squeeze" the companies under the new conditions with some effect. If there were any talk of this kind at the recent conferences it would tend to induce an amiability of mood which would be favourable to a settlement. This may explain the complacency with which each party to the transaction seems to look forward to what would otherwise still be a very unsettled future.

THE HEARST-REPUBLICAN COMBINE.

THERE is a story told of Thurlow when balancing the claims of two rivals for a post in his gift. "A," he said, "is brutal, and B. is treacherous, not that there is not a d—d deal of treachery in A's brutality." The latest moves of Mr. Hearst and his allies must have placed the decent-minded citizen of New York in a similar dilemma. Was he to vote for Tammany with all its sinister significance, or must he support the Republican ticket, which involved accepting Mr. Hearst? It is certainly hard on the respectable non-partisans, who earnestly desire purity of administration, that they should be placed in such a quandary, and it has obviously resulted in a severe shock to the wavering voters, and many have preferred the known iniquities of Tammany to the horrid possibilities of a Hearst-directed administration. But how about the orthodox Republican? Doubtless he holds with Vespasian as to ill-gotten lucre, "non olet". The principal

object of a vote is to return a Republican even if Acheron must be stirred to obtain the desired result. Unfortunately for him the alliance with the man denounced last year by the President as responsible for the assassination of Mr. McKinley has not even led to success, which we have been taught excuses in America all manoeuvres whether in politics or business. It has been conclusively demonstrated that it is more dangerous to fight with Mr. Hearst than to fight against him and Tammany combined, as the Republicans did last year and succeeded.

We are not particularly concerned with the views supported by Mr. Hearst for the moment. They are clearly not such as to demand the attention usually bestowed upon those of a great public figure. Politically that gentleman is a man of mutable connexions. In 1905 he contested the Mayoralty of New York on an Independent ticket. He fought Tammany then till he nearly brought it to the ground. It is generally believed by the well-informed that he really won, but that by some ingenious manipulation in the counting of votes his victory was wrested from him. That particular election was garnished with incidents which appealed to one's sense of the picturesque. Up to that time Mr. Hearst had always been considered a good party man; he had always been inculcating party loyalty in his "yellow" journals, and Tammany had sent him to Congress. But now he was all for purity of administration, and threatened Mr. Murphy, the Boss of Tammany, with the gaol if he succeeded. Within a year Mr. Hearst was running for Governor on the nomination of Tammany and with Mr. Murphy behind him. Even those little interested in American politics will remember the furious onslaught made upon him at the instigation of the President, as the speaker himself avowed. The Democratic chiefs in the State were dethroned and a really upright candidate, Mr. Hughes, was returned. Another year has passed and we see a still more bewildering change of rôle. We find Hearst again facing Murphy in deadly conflict as in 1905, but this time not standing alone but in intimate alliance with the Republican forces. The whole army of the Independence League is working along with the Republican organisation against Tammany, and the party which has had sound money and the trusts and the banks in their chosen seats as its constant supporters is hand in hand with the man whose eight newspapers throughout the States have been denouncing plutocracy and old party shibboleths to the working classes for years past.

The situation is indeed not only dramatic but extraordinarily entertaining. Mr. Hearst has in it everything to gain and the Republicans must take him on his own terms. Mark Antony shaking hands with Brutus and Cassius is a less remarkable historical group than Republican leaders hobnobbing with the "assassin of McKinley". And, what is more, when the friends of Cæsar in this case call upon his murderer to "render them his bloody hand" it is for the direct purpose of going forward with him into battle side by side. No phrase other than American could define the position. It "whips creation".

But perhaps it might be said with some justice that to affect surprise at any move of American party bosses was grotesque and exaggerated purism. We see some force in this, and should pay little attention to the gyrations of the New York Republican machine were it not that the whole of this unsavoury episode seems not to have extracted one word of reproof from the President and his mouthpiece of last year who made the famous "assassination" speech. It is indeed astonishing that if Mr. Hearst was all we were told he was Mr. Roosevelt should hesitate for one moment to denounce this most unholy alliance as hopelessly demoralising for the Republican party, or at least as one in which the President and his friends could not for one moment have it supposed they acquiesced for the sake of party gain. Yet we have received no public warning against joining hands with a man whom the whole country was solemnly exhorted to regard as a public enemy twelve months ago. Therefore either the Presidential outburst of last year was quite unjustified by facts, in which case it was a cruel and brutal attack on a public man by the Head of the State, or it was justified and the President

thinks that to join hands with an instigator of assassins is a commendable move if a party gain results. The dilemma is one from which no ingenuity can free Mr. Roosevelt when his public acts have to be judged. If he had let Mr. Hearst alone last year little fault could have been found with him for declining to interfere with Republican manoeuvres in New York State in 1907, but his silence to-day is at least oddly suggestive of something behind.

But the whole episode is in truth typical of the grotesque unreality of American party cries as they exist to-day. Probably the only move that could raise a genuine crisis between Democrats and Republicans would be a declaration by the former for a real reform of the tariff, and as Mr. Bryan has dropped his silver heresy we may see him candidate again. Yet Mr. Bryan will not be this time the representative of the masses against the classes. Mr. Hearst has to be reckoned with. He has extended his Independence League throughout the States. His eight "yellow" journals are daily manufacturing for him a larger and larger constituency. He is rapidly coming to represent the socialistic and radical sections of American society which distrust the sincerity of the President or find his method of attacking the plutocracy too slow for them. Mr. Hearst's League will almost certainly nominate him for the Presidency; he will not be successful, but his appearance on the stage is ominous of the discontent which the rapacity of the only aristocracy the United States owns is arousing in the ranks of Labour. The re-election of Mr. Roosevelt, which is almost a certainty if he stands again, will be a sign of the tendency in all societies to throw themselves into the arms of a dictator when their safety is threatened from within or without. The recent financial panic opens up grave problems for the Government to deal with, and the dangers of wealth concentrated in a few hands, to an extent undreamed of before in the modern world, calls for cool as well as unbiassed consideration on the part of a ruler. The President has not been smoothing his own path by playing with fire. The despatch of the American fleet to the Pacific has been accompanied by such a strange variety of excuses, denials and explanations that it has aroused in the minds of many people, not alarmists, a conviction that nothing less than war with Japan is intended. It may be reasonable enough that a portion of the fleet should navigate those waters, but why the whole? We confess we see no explanation except such as can be drawn from Mr. Roosevelt's character. He is clearly in many cases swayed by impulse, and as a rule his proceedings when thus dictated are more to be commended than their emendations under the whip of party discipline. At first he rightly denounced the attack on the Japanese in San Francisco. Now he has had time to reflect, and recognises that in any colour question the solid South will go with the West. The presence of the fleet in the Pacific will certainly not discourage anti-racial ruffianism in California, and the outlook therefore may be graver than it appears on a superficial examination. The inconsistencies of Mr. Roosevelt are clearly sometimes dangerous to the outer world, but to the outsider the result of the New York elections has little interest in itself, though the alliance of Hearst with the Republicans will raise a broader grin than usual when Mr. Roosevelt delivers his annual sermon to Congress.

LORD CURZON'S FRONTIERS.

THOSE who were present at the Romanes Lecture of Lord Curzon probably felt that the ceremony was unique. A lecture to the University delivered from the Chancellor's throne by the Chancellor himself is unprecedented in the history of Oxford and not likely to be repeated, and the historic pomp and circumstance due to the official Head of the University contributed an impressive dignity to a memorable occasion. Lord Curzon too had chosen for discussion a subject, "Frontiers", on which his previous experiences as a traveller, at the Foreign Office, and particularly as a Viceroy of a great dependency, the boundaries of which, as he reminded his audience, are more than six thousand miles in extent, entitled him to speak with

the personal authority that appeals especially to the student. The admirably clear delivery, the pervading consciousness of a high imperial duty obligatory on his fellow-countrymen, the strenuous summons to the share that Oxford men could take in the problems of the future, the lucid analysis and exposition of the complicated matter of the theme, the wealth of illustration, particularly from the diplomatic history of the last forty years, and the generous tribute to the work of the frontiersmen in the building of races and nations, gave the lecture a character of its own. In two passages Lord Curzon aroused more than a momentary thrill—the first a reference to the principles of his own frontier policy in India which his hearers would gladly have had expanded, the second a brief and pithy comment on the recent Anglo-Russian Convention which for obvious reasons the speaker declined to develop, but which none the less conveyed in three explicit sentences a severe criticism on the terms of that arrangement. Nevertheless, in spite of these features, which a study of the printed version reinforces, the lecture proved, if it is not ungracious to hint it, somewhat disappointing and a trifle dull. For this the subject was largely responsible. Analytical, physical and political geography does not lend itself easily to attractive literary treatment. Such analysis, precisely in proportion to its accuracy, comprehensiveness and scientific value, is obliged to eliminate the human elements on which a critical appreciation of a purely philosophic, literary or artistic topic perforce relies. Geographical illustrations selected from world-history and the world's surface leave the imagination cold. Had, for example, Lord Curzon been able at each stage of his argument to supplement his points and cross-divisions by maps, the effect on his audience would certainly have been more telling. But this was clearly out of the question. Nor was it possible to avoid the reflection that in the space at his disposal the lecturer was, by his own confession, attempting too much. The vastness of the theme made severe compression a necessity, and severe compression of the complex generally results in the commonplace. The audience throughout felt somewhat overpowered by the effort to keep pace with the material presented to its judgment, to co-ordinate into a single clear impression the shifting aspects laid bare by the breadth of the lecturer's grasp and the extent of his knowledge. Had Lord Curzon contented himself with a very brief sketch of the intricacy of the problem of frontiers as a whole and then illustrated in detail one great division of its phases by Indian history and the evolution of the principles of British policy from Clive to himself, peevish academic critics would have been unable to grumble. No one is so competent to unfold such a chapter of high imperial policy as the Chancellor; no one could vivify it with so many effective personal touches as the ex-Viceroy whose frontier policy will remain as one of the great landmarks of his work in India.

Yet the lecture as it stands is profoundly suggestive. The Modern History School at Oxford might do worse than respond to the invitation its pages contain, and work out some of the topics which were shown to await the pick-work of the patient researcher. Perhaps it is equally ungracious to suggest that Lord Curzon's conclusions are not always quite convincing. Apart from details, which may be left to the specialists to quarrel over (notably his account of Roman frontier policy, on which Professor Haverfield would no doubt like to say something), two broad points offer themselves. History as a whole no doubt reveals races and nations struggling for frontiers; scientific examination of the facts can classify the results of the multifarious struggles into precise categories—natural (as determined by deserts, rivers, mountains), artificial, zones, buffer States, protected areas, spheres of influence, hinterlands, and so forth—can perhaps indicate the slow evolution of precision in the definition of the categories made possible by the increasing resources of civilisation; but does not a deeper analysis suggest that in the process of history frontiers are not the real issue? The frontier is accidental; it is not the cause of the movement, the origin of the conflict. The motor force is race expansion. Two examples will

enforce the point. The Roman Empire had a frontier policy; the Roman Empire ultimately collapsed. Was it because the barbarian tribes desired new frontiers? Was it not rather that the new frontiers came because the barbarian tribes were irresistibly impelled to expand? Can the Franco-German war of 1870-1 be adequately explained by the formula of "a war for a frontier" because the war of 1866, "by destroying the belt of independent States between Prussia and her Rhenish provinces, had brought her up to the doors of France"? The wars of 1866 and 1870 unquestionably were wars which resulted in a historic change of frontiers, but to describe the struggle for the unification of Germany under the hegemony of Prussia as a war for frontiers conceals the real cause and the motor forces which produced them. Similarly, if in the future the Pan-Germanic ideal is ever realised and Holland and German Austria pass under the Empire of the Hohenzollerns, the cause will not be simply the character of the existing political boundaries nor a desire for a new or a more scientific frontier. The British Empire of to-day is the product of the expansive and national forces of "the Anglo-Saxon race" in the world-movement of which frontiers, strictly speaking, have played but an accidental or picturesque part. Lord Curzon himself indicates towards the close of his lecture that he is aware of the difficulty in the first part of his argument when he refers to "the class of so-called natural frontiers, claimed by nations on grounds of ambition, expediency, or more often sentiment . . . responsible for many of the wars in history". No historical student with France in his mind but would agree that the attempt of Frenchmen, from Francis I. to Napoleon III., to realise "a natural frontier" for their country corresponding with their conception of French nationality shows that it is the expansive force and political ambition of the French race, and not the frontier, which has so often deluged Europe in blood and may deluge it again. The geographical formulae, in short, and the diplomatic usages evolved by the Chanceries on this view merely veil in part, in part smooth the way for and legalise, this racial and national expansion. And if this be so, was not Lord Curzon too optimistic in his concluding inference that the modern science and theory of frontiers will necessarily "make more for peace than for war"? It may readily be conceded that the apparatus for more precise definition may avert a conflict here and there arising from ignorance and where the previous adjustment still corresponds to existing needs. But no amount of triangulation, no Boundary Commission replete with all the knowledge of geographical science, can of themselves reduce the volume and intensity of the mysterious expansive forces in nations and races. It will be as easy in the future to tear up a scientific treaty as it was in the past to disregard a ragged and ill-determined boundary. Can any dispassionate inquirer, with Japan and South Africa before his eyes, assert that the nations of to-day are spent volcanoes; that seismic movements such as those of the French Revolution, of German and Italian unification, will not occur again; that the differences between progressive and decaying races will not produce in the future the results familiar to the student of the past? Indeed the increase in geographical knowledge and the filling-up of the unoccupied spaces of the earth's surface may actually precipitate conflicts or make them more merciless. The preying of the strong and progressive on the weak and decaying Governments may be facilitated by the superior knowledge and scientific resources and organisation on which progressive nations base their claim to be progressive. On the other hand, observance of properly marked existing frontiers is largely a question of observance of treaty engagements. If we can assume that the code of political ethics, the standards of international righteousness, will outstrip national ambition, they may check the mysterious forces of racial expansion. The assumption however is precarious, and takes for granted that the impulse to expand is at best non-moral and therefore in conflict with the conventional principles of international morality. Nations in the past however have found in the coercive call to realise the ideals of their nationality the highest law of their duty to promote the civilisation of the world.

Will it not be so also in the future? Against the resistless tides of racial expansion the scientific precision of modern geography will be but a barrier of sand. "The frontiers of Empire continue to beckon." Lord Curzon's eloquent peroration really refutes the "incontestable" inference that modern frontier science will tend to make war unnecessary.

THE CITY.

THE directors of the Bank of England took the unusual step of raising the Bank rate from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent. on Monday, and on Thursday, the regular day for the board meeting, they raised it to 7 per cent. Luckily this announcement was preceded by the news that the Railway strike was averted, mainly owing to the intervention of Mr. Lloyd George. Had it not been for this piece of good news, the 7 per cent. rate would doubtless have crushed a weak and nervous market. As it was, the leading stocks in the Home Railway market, "Brums", Great Westerns, &c., rose a couple of points. We do not, however, believe in anything like a prolonged or substantial rise in Home rails, as the stocks in this department had begun to fall before the strike was talked of, from causes unconnected with Mr. Bell's movement, which still remain—viz., the dearth of coal, the increased cost of material of all kinds, and the rise in wages. Undoubtedly a 7 per cent. Bank rate is a severe measure, which has not been resorted to for over thirty years. It is estimated that it will last till after the New Year, and is of course intended to stop the drain of gold to the United States. There is a great deal of talk about the Americans draining Europe of gold, but it is not so obvious how they are going to pay for it. The owners of gold are not likely to sell it for American I O Us, and we should imagine that the American exports of wheat and cotton had already been paid for. It is more probable that instead of absorbing gold the Americans will be forced to change their currency law, and perhaps to adopt for a time a forced note circulation. The crisis in the United States is partly due to over-production and speculation, and partly, as a consequence of these, to the action of the Trust companies in entering into competition with the banks. These latter are under the federal law, and are obliged to keep a certain metal reserve in proportion to their liabilities. The Trusts are under the laws of the particular States in which they do business, and have a much freer hand. Corporations like the Knickerbocker and Lincoln Trusts have for some time been cutting into the business of the banks and lending money on easier terms and for less legitimate purposes. None of the great "coups" in Wall Street planned by operators like Harriman would have been possible without the co-operation of the Trusts. The banks were therefore not sorry to swing a blow at the Trusts, whom they regarded as improper competitors. The scenes in New York during the past ten days have been dramatic enough, it taking about six hours to reach a paying teller and long "queues" of frightened depositors waiting outside in the street.

The danger of an absolute collapse of credit is, we think, over, the millionaires having recognised that if they were to keep anything they must part with something. The smash will even do good, in all probability, as it will lead to the stricter management of the trusts and the replacement of dishonest dummy directors by sound and responsible men. But we are convinced that the ordinary stocks of American railways must continue to fall for some time to come, mainly for this reason. The railway companies can no longer get money by bond issues, and as they are always requiring money for repairs, extensions and rolling stock, they will be obliged to return to the old system of paying for betterments out of revenue. This will mean reduction of dividend in some cases, and the passing of it in others. We should not be surprised to see the 10 per cent. dividend on Union Pacifics reduced to 5 per cent., and Atchisons and Southern Pacifics going back to 5 per cent. or 4 per cent. But the shares in which we see the heaviest fall are Canadian Pacifics. The last distribution was at the rate of 6 per cent. with 1 per cent. bonus. What justification is there for these

shares standing at 150 or anything like it? Union Pacifics which paid 10 per cent. are at 112 or thereabouts; Baltimore and Ohios which pay 6 per cent. are at 83; Atchisons which pay 6 per cent. are at 75, about; New York Centrals, perhaps the finest property in the States, pay 6 per cent., and stand at 101. Buenos Ayres and Pacifics, to go to the Argentine, pay 7 per cent. dividends, and stand at 112. We are aware that the Canadian-Pacific Railway owns magnificent assets, but at 150, taking the present value of money, its shares seem absurdly over-priced. The Central Uruguay of Monte Video Railway is issuing 5½ Preference Shares at par, which is a thoroughly good investment, though not so good as the Six per Cent. Second Debentures at 101. This company has issued £953,000 Irredeemable 6 per cent. debentures, which stand at 131, £1,000,000 4 per cent. debentures redeemable in 1960, standing at about 86, £250,000 6 per cent. second debentures about par, and £2,000,000 Ordinary shares, which paid 5 per cent. in 1906. It is obvious, therefore, that the line is doing very well, and we regard these 6 per cent. second debentures, though limited in quantity, and therefore not very marketable, as one of the best speculative investments in the market.

A very satisfactory report will be laid before the shareholders of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa on Tuesday week. The realised net profit of the year, largely derived from dividends on investments, is over £441,355. After paying the preference dividend and taxes there is a sum, including the £607,928 carried forward last year, of £969,659, out of which the directors propose to pay an ordinary dividend of 12½ per cent., and to provide £634,491 for depreciation.

Lyons and Salmon and Gluckstein are names as well known as any in London. They have proved by their restaurants, tea-shops, and tobacco-shops that they are highly capable caterers for the public taste, and that cheapness is not always synonymous with nastiness. We know from personal experience that you can get as good a cup of tea and as dainty a plate of bread and butter at one of Lyons' shops as at the most expensive hotel or the best organised private house. These gentlemen, Messrs. Lyons and Salmon and Gluckstein, are going to build and manage a new hotel in the Strand on the site of Exeter Hall. Presumably the prices of the new Strand hotel will be moderate, for of expensive hotels we have enough. Our readers are as capable as ourselves of judging whether to subscribe to the capital, for every hotel is a speculation, as the dividends of the Savoy and the Cecil prove.

INSURANCE.—THE LIABILITIES OF LANDLORDS.

THE Workmen's Compensation Act 1906 provides that employers are liable to pay compensation to a workman in the event of personal injury by accident arising out of and in the course of the employment. From the definition of "workman" it appears that no liability attaches to the employer in the case of "a person whose employment is of a casual nature and who is employed otherwise than for the purposes of the employer's trade or business". A County Court judge has just awarded compensation to a workman employed by a lady who owned some houses, and engaged the claimant to do some repairs. He fell from a ladder while doing some whitewashing, and the owner had to pay him 10s. a week during the incapacity resulting from the accident. This decision holds, we think rightly, that work done on houses let to tenants is for the purposes of the trade or business of the owner. This being so, the fact that the work is of a casual nature does not relieve the owner from liability. Probably a similar accident occurring in a house occupied solely by the employer, whether belonging to him or taken on a repairing lease, would involve no compensation being paid, the employment being casual and not for the purpose of the employer's trade or business.

The owners of property, at least of property that is let to tenants, may be liable to compensate not merely workmen directly employed, as in the case above cited, but the employés of a contractor who is doing work for the owner. In such a case "the principal shall be

liable to pay to any workman employed in the execution of the work any compensation under this Act which he would have been liable to pay if that workman had been immediately employed by him". If in such circumstances the employer has to pay, he is entitled to be indemnified by the contractor: if the contractor is uninsured, or has no means, the loss falls upon the principal who employs the contractor. An injured workman can claim against either the principal or the contractor. Since for the repairs of property small builders and others are frequently employed, it is clearly necessary for the owners of property to see that such contractors are insured, or are otherwise able to pay any claims that may be made. Failing this, the property-owner should himself insure against the liability. This remark applies with equal force to anybody who, for the purposes of his trade or business, employs a contractor with workmen under him to do the work. People in ordinary business would doubtless recognise their liability in this respect and insure against it, but the owners of house property are very apt to be unaware of the risk they run, and it is well to warn them about it.

Apart from the Workmen's Compensation Act, landlords have certain liabilities which are by no means adequately recognised. It is not very long since a landlord had to compensate a tenant for injury resulting from a ceiling falling down. Apart from liability to tenants on account of defects in buildings a landlord is liable to a claim from a member of the public through falling chimney-pots or slates, insecure covers of coal-holes, and multitudinous other defects of a similar kind. Accidents of this nature do not occur very frequently, but they may involve serious loss to the landlord. As the cost of insuring against all property-owners' risks is comparatively small, it seems quite necessary that landlords should protect themselves by taking a suitable policy. Up to the present the great majority of insurance companies have failed to provide adequate policies for this purpose. If an owner wishes to insure against his liability under the Workmen's Compensation Act he is commonly required to take an ordinary employers' liability policy, paying the same rate of premium as a builder directly employing the men, the premium being calculated upon the amount paid in wages during the year. This arrangement is inappropriate, since an owner employing a contractor would only be out of pocket if the contractor were uninsured or otherwise unable to pay. The risk is merely a contingent one, and the owner should not be called upon to pay so much as the contractor who is mainly and directly responsible. This is a form of insurance for which there is a considerable demand, and insurance companies would do well to provide a policy which many people would be glad to have.

PACE AND THE EYE.

THERE is nothing so deceptive to the human eye as pace. It is not only the actual image conveyed to the brain through the lens of the eye which gives the idea of speed, but surrounding circumstances, the proportion of the moving object to other moving objects, and many other factors. We are also slaves of habit, and the mind reflects this tendency in expecting speed where speed is presupposed, and not in cases where speed has not hitherto existed. Just consider how often in legal cases motor-cars, bicycles, and horses are said by witnesses giving evidence to be going "like an express train" or like a "flash of lightning". This simile of the bystander describing a moving object as going by "like an express train" is very common, yet probably in not one out of a thousand cases in which the term is used has the pace of the moving object under discussion approximated to anything like sixty, forty, or even thirty miles an hour.

In the recent controversy in the "Times" on the virtues and faults of motorists and their driving, nothing has been more remarkable than the way in which the critics of motor-cars have almost unanimously assumed that horses rarely exceed a speed of ten miles an hour. On the other hand, it has been proved by reliable and scientific timing that hansom and other vehicles on the Embankment often go at a rate exceeding twelve

miles an hour. Hansom-cab records, according to evidence given before the Royal Commission, varied from 13'24 to 15'41 miles per hour, while a private brougham went 15'8 miles an hour, and a bicycle 19'06 miles per hour, the London County Council tramcars at Streatham Hill heading the speed records—15'41 miles per hour being the lowest and 20'45 miles per hour the highest rate of speed. Yet nervous anti-motorists demand a ten-mile limit in towns and a twelve-mile limit in the country, because they think a rate of twelve miles an hour is really fast. The fact is that great confusion exists in the public mind as to the meaning of the expression "so many miles an hour". The average writer or talker usually means, when he says "so many miles an hour", to imply "so many miles in one hour", quite a different thing. A good horse can cover ten miles in one hour; but many quite inferior horses as regards sustained speed can trot for two hundred yards, or even a quarter of a mile, at the rate of twelve miles an hour or more. Similarly, with regard to motor-cars, trains, or bicycles, there is hardly a vehicle built of the two former classes which cannot on the level attain a speed of over twenty miles an hour; but to accomplish twenty miles in one hour needs a comparatively highly powered motor-car and a specially designed tramcar. It is hardly necessary to explain that this discrepancy between the rate of speed over a short distance and number of miles actually covered in one hour is due to the fact that much more time is occupied during a journey in slowing for ascents and descents, in turning corners, in passing other vehicles, and in many other ways than would be thought possible by the casual observer. The same thesis holds good as regards trains. Take London to Crewe, a hundred and fifty-one miles, which the North Western's excellent trains cover in three hours. This performance means, not that the locomotive has kept up a steady fifty miles an hour, but that it has run at a speed of sixty miles an hour or over for the greater part of the distance, for there is the starting up hill from Euston, the necessity for running cautiously past certain junctions, and eventually the time taken in slowing down from a high speed to the standstill at the platform at Crewe. There is only one kind of record, so far as I know, in which speed from place to place is as a rule uninterrupted (except it be by fogs), that is in ocean records. From Daunt's Lightship to Sandy Hook, for instance, stretches the racecourse of the Atlantic liners. What happens before and after these points is never recorded. But in other records of speed, as published in the press and appealing to our imagination, the actual starting from a certain point and the slowing down to the finish is taken, and this should be borne in mind by those who prefer scientific accuracy to sensational advertisements.

But to return to the human being and the power of judging pace. Many things deceive the eye, and size above all other factors alters the judgment. The "Lusitania" steaming at twenty-four knots an hour does not appear to be going fast on account of the huge size of the vessel and the cleanness of her wake. A Thames paddle-wheel steamer at the same speed would appear to be simply flying through the water, the result of fuss and smallness. Those who have watched motor-boat racing will corroborate me when I say that a racing-boat forty feet long at the speed of the "Lusitania" appears to be almost uncanny in the swiftness with which it moves over the surface of the sea, especially if bow waves are thrown up—like an angel's wings—which of course emphasise the idea of speed to the eye. The same phenomenon is noticeable with regard to trains. An express running down a long gradient with the steam shut off at the rate of a mile a minute does not appear to be going half so fast as a slower train on a level line, the white steam pouring out of the funnel of the locomotive and drifting back in torn patches over the roofs of the compartments behind. Thus objects detached from but produced by the moving body all assist the eye and the imagination to grasp the idea of pace. Mud splashing from the wheels of a motor-car or dust rising in clouds from behind always tend to make the bystander exaggerate his estimate of speed—apart from natural annoyance.

Again, take two bicycles, one high and the other low geared, following each other at a distance of a hundred yards, both proceeding at the same speed. The bicycle which is low geared will appear to be travelling much faster than the high-gear one owing to the fact that the cranks of the former are turning round much more quickly. In the same way a small motor-car buzzing and shaking at twenty miles an hour appears to be bustling on apace, while a big silent-running sixty horse-power vehicle on top gear, though going thirty miles an hour, appears to be hardly moving.

I have often noticed in connexion with the human eye's estimate of pace that nothing reassures a policeman inclined to be suspicious about undue speed so much as a look of calm sedateness on the part of the driver. An enthusiast or a nervous motorist bending over the steering-wheel and peering steadfastly but anxiously at the road ahead gives at once an erroneous idea of hurrying, to which illusion policemen and others nearly always fall victims. And yet another notable instance—how largely the impression of an impending accident enters into the estimate of pace. Take an American trotting horse in a two-wheeled buggy travelling at twenty miles an hour, and a horse galloping hard pulling a dog-cart at the same speed. The trotter appears to be travelling quite safely and even slowly, while the instinct of the average passer-by would be to think that the galloping horse is out of control and running away, and the conviction that a smash was imminent would lead him to say that the horse and dog-cart were being driven at an extraordinary and reckless pace.

In nature the same illusion continually deceives those who are not accurate observers. The fleecy cirrus high in the sky appears to be hardly moving at all, unless carefully observed, while the low scud creeping over the shoulder of a mountain or misty rain blowing over the surface of the ocean gives at once an idea of great speed. But in reality the higher clouds are moving as a rule far more quickly—a fact which is demonstrated on a sunny day when their shadows may be seen moving across the face of land or sea with unexpected swiftness. Take animals again: some, while moving rapidly, hardly appear to be moving at all. The elephant is associated in the human mind with excessive deliberation, and yet, when an elephant wishes, it can cover a short distance at as great a speed as a horse. Short-legged horses and dogs always appear to be moving much faster than those possessing longer legs, for the human eye in these cases judges largely by the rapidity of the leg movement and is thus misled as to the real speed of the animal over the ground. Amongst birds every sportsman knows how, when late in the season a covey of partridges, are put up and an old cock pheasant happens to be flying over at the same time, the pheasant far outstrips the partridge, although he appears to be flying much more slowly. Here it is the question of the wing-beat. The same is true with blackcock and grouse, with cormorants and sea-gulls. Indeed there is nothing in reality which flies faster than the swan when in full flight, and yet the measured and musical beat of its wings suggests a pace which is steady rather than swift. Let a little bunch of sanderlings become mixed up with a few hoopoes on the wing and the bigger birds leave even these speedy shore-lovers, though the latter possess a wing-beat ten times as fast and therefore appear to the eye to be going faster.

It is interesting to note that the authorities at Scotland Yard are fully aware of the great difficulties in judging speed and are endeavouring to train a certain number of men in that most desirable, but difficult, of all human qualities to acquire—a power of accurate observation. It may be that eventually there will be some Metropolitan policemen possessing eyes more accurate than their stop-watches. Already in Surrey "an opinion" as to speed has been enough to convict, though the police witnesses were untrained and therefore totally unreliable!

The human eye is also a rank bad judge of speed when on the moving vehicle itself. There has lately been an interesting discussion in the motor world as to whether the engines of motor-cars run better at night, and numerous motorists have written to say they are

convinced that this is so. But the real explanation is that objects seen at night are only those near by, while the objects seen in the daytime include also those far from the traveller. A hedge six feet away past which the car is moving quickly gives an idea of great speed at night, while the objects on a very slowly altering horizon which are seen in the daytime correct the erroneous impression of near objects rapidly altering their position. All locomotive drivers know of this illusion, for on the foot-plate there is the same tendency to judge speed by things close by. A train running in the same scheduled time by night and day always appears to be going faster at night. Thus for the human eye—marvellous apparatus though it is for conveying the sense of light and impressions of objects to the brain—has its brain images largely modified by the imagination. The habits of seeing and not seeing alone influence the judgment and tend to destroy the correctness of impression. A good judge of pace is therefore rare, for we are creatures of habit and impression.

MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

SPAIN IN DECADENCE.

THIS book* is the present high-water mark of the author. In his other books he has usually been on planes in which he had many competitors, although, as his subjects have been largely Spanish, he has had few rivals. In this his last venture, in an entirely Spanish subject, drawn from original unprinted matter, he has had a fuller field for his historical talents. Having by birth and upbringing a foot in either camp, he has in most of his other works maintained a critical though friendly attitude towards Spain. In this he writes exactly as a Spaniard might have written on the same theme. In fact, his work is really a Spanish history, written in the English tongue. Hence it has the stamp of Spain more definitely impressed than it has been before in any of his works. Not that it is eulogistic in any high degree of Philip or his Court, or of the Spain in which he and his courtiers lived, but it is national, that is, Spanish, and as such has an interest entirely its own. Nothing has ever yet been written (in English) which so well sets forth the reasons of Spain's decadence. Never has it been made so manifest that she was playing a gigantic game of bluff with Europe for a full century after her real power was gone. It is quite clear that the concert of European Powers was then to the full as unintelligent a quantity as it so clearly showed itself to be at Algeciras a year or two ago. Almost any single one of the European kingdoms could with a shove have brought the Spanish house of cards tumbling upon the floor. All that was wanted to prick the inflated bladder of her greatness was the understanding of her weakness, and a pin. That no one did so proves how uncomprehending statesmen were, as is well shown by the folly of our own boreal monarch James I. and VI. It also shows that either Spain had capable diplomatists to save her, or that the national power of bluff was great. Ever since the taking of Granada by the Catholic Kings, Spain had been struggling for religious unity. First had gone the Jews, then the Protestants had been all stamped out in Philip II.'s time. His son had exiled the Moriscos. For three whole generations Spain had been the champion of Catholicism throughout the world and was so during the whole of the reign of Philip IV.

The result had been far-spreading ruin. Even in 1598 the first Cortes of Philip III., our author tells us, had practically told him Spain was bled to death. Still, during all his life expenditure had risen, and at his death his son succeeded to a bankrupt property, for Spain was very nearly absolutely the personal property of her kings. All the national characteristics had run to wood, like vegetables in a deserted garden. Pride was the quality that Spaniards valued most; but it was founded upon nothing solid, for the warrior race of Charles V. and of the second Philip had died out, and been replaced by courtiers, a class of men which in all epochs of the world has been despicable. A butler,

when his work is over, may yet be a man; a courtier, even though a duke, delights to hug his chains, and Spain was full of dukes fit only to be serving-men or pimps. The army was unpaid, the ships in Cadiz rotting, the peasants starving, the land untilled, and the whole fabric of society merely a pretence. In a fine passage the author tells us of "insolent gentlemen in velvet doublets and no shirts, workmen who strutted and stalked in ruffs and rapiers, seeking pay as sham soldiers instead of earning wages by honest handicrafts, led poets, and paid satirists, gamesters, swindlers, bravos, and cutpurses, pretended students . . . crowds of friars and priests . . . ladies rouged and undressed, who deliberately and purposely aped the look and manner of prostitutes".

These were the elements over which the young, imperfectly educated king was called to rule. One art alone he had learned to great perfection—that of horsemanship. Says some one (as Arab historians often begin their chronicles) that he was absolutely the best horseman in all Spain. Certainly as he rides in an assured and easy immortality upon the white-faced bright bay horse on which the greatest man who lived in those days in all Spain has limned him, he looks a Centaur, and we must not forget Velazquez never flattered, but dipped his brush in life. A love of art was in the blood of all the Hapsburgs, and Philip shared it with the rest; but it was in his case joined to religious bigotry, which also he had well developed, as befitted a descendant of the great emperor Charles V. Neither horsemanship, nor love of art, nor yet religious bigotry was a thing to help him in his tasks, and so we see him sinking gradually lower and lower, losing one province, then another, piling up more debt, always a prey to favourites or to his mistresses, and now and then to his own kindly disposition, often in kings their direst enemy.

But though Spain was in decadence, as often happens in such periods, literature and art were flourishing. Quevedo, Gongora, Lope de Vega and Calderon were writing; Cervantes was just dead; and everyone, even the King, wrote comedies, although we may suppose a royal comedy was a tragic thing enough.

But though this group of writers acquired great fame in their own country, it was in painting that Spain shone prominent. Amongst the sham, bombastical figures who represented men (not that the favourite Olivares was a sham), Velazquez stands out as the chief, perhaps the only glory of the reign. The sole reproach that can be brought against this admirable and interesting work is, too little has been made of Spain's position in literature and art. But as the second title is "Spain in Decadence", perhaps the author thought that these were fields outside his province, though they are really much more interesting than statecraft, the wiles and cheatings of diplomatists, and all the lust and blood of glorious, or in Philip's case inglorious, war.

Taken however as a picture of the times, the book is full of interest, and teems with curious details drawn from unpublished sources, and transcribed without a personal comment, that snare of most historians in dealing with such things. Who would not give one letter say of Diocletian for all the neat deductions that even Gibbon could have drawn from it, in his most lengthy style?

Most ample, perhaps more than sufficient, justice is done to Olivares, who certainly had good intentions, and paved all Spain with them, as if it had been hell. But not enough is made of his stupidity and his imperviousness to the evidence of facts. Upon the other hand, the author's great familiarity with the writings of the times enables him to bring out all the domestic life of the period, and sheds a flood of light upon familiar manners, the love of bric-à-brac, always a sign of decadence, that infected the nobility, and the love of splendour and display which from the King ran to the poorest artisan.

The account of "Baby Charles" and "Steenie's" visit to Madrid, told from an inside view, is much more interesting than is a wilderness of novels, with or without a purpose; and it speaks badly for the understanding of both young men that on their return they lacked the wit to publish the entire decadence of Spain, which they must certainly have seen.

* "The Court of Philip IV." By Martin Hume. London: Eveleigh Nash. 1907.

It seems astonishing that, for the first time in a history of the period, the unpublished manuscript of Hopton, the English Minister to Spain, should have been used. No one more clearly comprehended what the actual position of Spain was, and no one saw more clearly how null and void was Olivares, as is shown by his writing, that the Court Duke was "spent with business" (he was a conscientious fool), "and deserves pity, if he would only pity himself".

But in the midst of folly, and profusion, of alternate fits of dissipation and religion, the figure of the King himself is somehow sympathetic, and it is perhaps the greatest praise due to the author, that he has seen into his character, below his weakness and occasional stupidity, and has divined that he was kindly, perhaps the greatest virtue, in a man raised as it were below humanity, as is a ruling prince.

One sees him, to the last, devoted to his horses, simple in dress, a gentleman, anxious to remedy abuses, but as incapable of doing so as would be a pilot who did not know which way to put the helm to stop the vessel running on a rock. Nothing is more pathetic than his long correspondence with Sor Maria de Jesús. In it he lays his very soul bare, and yet remains a gentleman. After the death of the Prince Baltazar Carlos, rendered immortal by Velazquez, he writes to the nun, who really was a good, but ordinary, woman, in terms which make one like and pity him.

After having deplored his numerous frailties with the fair sex, he reminds her that he was but sixteen when he began to reign. His picture of himself only Velazquez and he alone could equal.

"I, Sor Maria", he wrote, "do not shirk any labour, for as anyone can tell you, I am here seated in this chair continually with my papers before me and my pen in my hand dealing with all the reports that are sent to me here, and with the despatches from abroad; resolving points in question immediately and trying to adopt the most proper decision in each case." A lamentable, well-drawn picture of a most miserable man; but drawn in such a manner that one likes and pities him.

So he goes on, ever transgressing, still trying to do right, until at last he dies, liked but not respected, and his corpse is left but to two gentlemen to watch.

The author's art has been, through all the maze of detail, and the wealth of documentary evidence, to keep the image of the unlucky King clear and distinct, and to enlist our sympathy, in spite of everything, for one who from the first was doomed to failure by the overwhelming nature of his task.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

DRAWINGS.

WE are always attracted to the private letters of men of genius, because we hope to find in them some more intimate revelation of mind and gift than was manifested in the complete productions they have published to the world. Sometimes we are disappointed; a man, it seems, has put all of himself that was rare and stimulating into his public work, we are astonished that he has nothing to confide; but oftener we are let into secrets of inspiration, moods that help us to understand. There is something of the same attraction in the drawings of the masters; sometimes, as in the case of Velazquez, the same disappointment; but with a man like Claude how much nearer we come to him in his sketches than in his pictures! Some masters have used drawings as a sort of diary of thoughts and fancies; others have made of them things complete in their way, for their friends or private collectors. But there is always the charm of expressiveness and immediate character; we are reading a man's own handwriting, whether careless or careful. The longer one lives, the more one comes to prize drawings. A sheet of paper, a lump of grey or red chalk, a reed-pen charged with sepia, a brush full of Chinese ink; how each particular medium and instrument invite to separate and distinct felicities! The temperament of the several schools, the character of individual masters, show themselves in special fondnesses: the Florentine masters of the nude love red

and black chalk, the Venetians pen and bistre, Veronese the brush that models in white on a dull-toned ground, the early Germans revel in calligraphic sweeps of pen and lamp-black ink, the early Netherlanders make marvels of delicacy with the silver-point which disdains all emphasis, Watteau evokes the bloom of life with his three chalks, white, red and black, from mellow pale-brown paper.

Drawings, alas! of the old schools grow rarer every day. Fifteen or ten years ago there were still wonderful treasures to be hunted out by diligent research and a trained eye in dingy London shops. But now the field narrows, and prices soar. Mr. Paterson is to be congratulated on getting together so choice a collection as is now to be seen at his gallery, No. 5 Old Bond Street. Italy and Germany are not represented, but we can be well content with the drawings of the schools of Holland, France, and England. The French come first, with a study of a girl by Lancret, a study in which he comes nearer than usual to the charm of Watteau. The older periods are shown in a man's head, not interesting, of the school of Clouet, and an amusing portrait of a coquettish, slyly-glancing lady, a very real person, by one of the Dumonstier family. There is no Claude; but his absence is made up for by two Corots, and one of these, a shadowy stream with a willow, is an admirable example of that painter's work in charcoal. One can pass without distraction from Hubert Robert's "Fountain" to Daubigny's little landscape, also in red chalk. But what a contrast in temper, style, conception, between Boucher's design for a composition, all curve, exuberance, accent, and self-consciousness, and the contained, serious beauty of Millet's study of two nude figures, one leaning upon the other, drawn in his favourite black chalk—figures that impress us as having the weight and relaxed force of living bodies and are full of the significance of life. Millet's drawing is noble in its sense of form, Boucher's is not; yet Boucher is triumphant master of the qualities he aims at. Charles Jacques' "Smithy", with two smiths at vigorous work, has much of Millet's power, yet with a certain tinge of the tendency to "heroism" we find in Delacroix. Among the Dutchmen one turns naturally first to Rembrandt. The head of an old lady "attributed to" the master is obviously not by him, nor, I think, by any of his pupils: but the wash drawing of an interior with the Holy Family, Joseph busy at carpenter's work opposite the pale light of a window, and the Virgin seated in shadow in the foreground, seems to me to be by the master's hand, though some will think it a good work of the school. Neither the Cuypp, which recalls Peter Molyn in design, nor the Van Goyen, is a very typical specimen. The sea-piece of Willem Van de Velde is one of that painter's late works, more finished and rarer than his early sketches. Ascribed to Terburg is a most attractive drawing, a man's portrait in pastel. But this is beyond all doubt the work either of Sir Peter Lely or of Lely's able pupil, John Greenhill. With our usual indifference to our own artists, we have let Greenhill be forgotten; yet he drew admirably, and I believe this portrait to be his work rather than that of his master, though he comes so close to Lely that it would be rash to dogmatise without close study and comparison. Among the English school a monochrome wash drawing of an oak and a hillside by Crome stands out in its large, grave simplicity. Bonington shows unusual rhythm of line in a coloured study of a Venetian girl; should it not rather be "Oriental", and is it certainly by Bonington? The other example, a water-colour of a reposing figure and landscape ("Siesta"), is of the wonted brilliancy and sparkle. Gainsborough is seen only in a quite early pencil landscape, Turner in two very slight sketches and an early blue-and-grey drawing of a boat. The De Wint is notable for the air and light that bathe its trees.

One of the most delightful of English draughtsmen, Rowlandson, is absent from Mr. Paterson's exhibition; but a collection of his work, both prints and drawings, is to be seen at Mr. Gutekunst's in King Street, S. James'. It is a collection which no one should miss; for Rowlandson is far too little known. People think of him as coarse and vulgar; of Rowlandson, who could do nothing without grace, however gross or

sordid the elements he touched. But what a mass of his drawings exist which have nothing of such elements, or quite transfigure them in the gaiety, ease, felicity of their art! Mr. Gutekunst has brought together a most pleasant little collection. Rowlandson is most widely known by his etchings, coloured by other hands for publication. But he is best known, everyone should know him, by his drawings. When was water-colour used more happily than in these light, sunny tints, bounded by that flexible, rhythmic line of the reed-pen? With such means Rowlandson suggests to us the reality of a scene, airy daylight, moving people, the character of a place no less than the ever-varied human types, more effectively than by the most laborious completion. How he brings before us the jovial life of travel a century ago, the charm of old inns, the village streets, the freshness of open country! Look at his "Baggage-Waggons Passing through a Village" (No. 15); with what animation and effortless skill he groups his figures, how admirably he arranges his design, and indicates his distances. And what an eye for feminine grace! Again, in "The Hertfordshire Hunt" there is a Rubens-like energy in the rush of the hounds over a fence. Certainly, Rowlandson has never received his due at the hands of his countrymen.

The drawings at the New English Art Club, which always form an important section of its exhibits, are generally on a higher level than the paintings. This is only natural; for in a drawing the modern artist can express what he wants to express in his own way, without having to complicate his thoughts with the laborious problems involved in complete representation. In the present autumn exhibition there are a number of drawings to please and to interest, in pencil, chalk, pen, water-colour. The most impressive is the drawing of a woman called "Childless" by Mr. Muirhead Bone, who does wonders with soft black lead-pencil, and who also feels and has imagination. His "Sardinian Embassy" is memorable, too, in a more familiar vein. Mr. Bone has, like Méryon, a great susceptibility to the genius and atmosphere of old buildings, and makes his figures belong to them. Mr. Francis Unwin has two excellent drawings of Dutch churches, one an interior, the other an exterior view. Mr. Tonks shows his sensitive eye for colour and his delicate hand in two Venetian studies. Mr. Steer, Mr. MacColl, Mr. Rich, Mr. Walter Sickert, have drawings here which represent their well-known styles agreeably, if with no particular freshness of note. Mr. Rich's "Lewes Castle" is, however, in his happiest manner. Miss Tyrwhitt's sunlit beach scene is very clever. Mr. John—but Mr. John's drawings must be left for another time when there is space to discuss the oil paintings of the exhibition.

LAURENCE BINYON.

SOMERSBY.

UNDER an early September sky of lapis-lazuli and silver glittering down on golden sheaves—for "corny Lammas" was this year a fortnight behind—I saw Somersby again. Arthur Hallam showed remarkable prescience when in 1831, his friend being still an undergraduate, he wrote that many years after that generation was laid in dust pilgrims would "seek the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded in silent sympathy with the everlasting forms of nature", would identify moated grange or owl-haunted belfry, look about for "the seven elms, the poplars four"—the poplars are gone—and track the wanderings of the brook. But when I first knew Somersby, forty years after Hallam's prophecy, enthusiastic and few indeed were the "young lovers of the beautiful and the true" who found their way to this remote, secluded hamlet among the lonely wolds, though, to be sure, some antiquarian soul came now and then to see the tall churchyard crucifix, unique in Lincolnshire. In village after village you may find the shafts cut off clean a few feet from the ground, as though the work was done systematically. But seemingly the Somersby rood escaped detection. "Poor little place!" was all the aged poet said when in 1892, just before his death, the present Lord Tennyson brought him an account of the old home. There are only thirty-six parishioners, but

Bag Enderby, which goes with Somersby, has another four dozen. It must not be confused with the Mavis Enderby of Jean Ingelow's poem.

On a Wednesday or Saturday, from two to six, there is usually a sprinkling of bicycles or carriages from Horncastle, Spilsby, or Louth to be seen in the elm-fringed lane outside the Rectory, now occupied in part by Mr. Staniland's tenant-farmer. Picnickers rove about cutting their names, for Somersby came to be almost derelict—this the present owner is trying to stop. But at any other time Somersby seems just as undiscovered and remote as it was three-quarters of a century ago when "no species of post" existed between it and the Tennysons' seaside retreat at Mablethorpe, fifteen miles away, or twenty years earlier when the news of Waterloo failed to penetrate to the Rectory school-room. I reached Somersby by an eight-mile drive from Alford to South Ormsby ("Harmsby"), one of the "four hamlets round", where Wesley's father was once rector, and thence on foot, by woods that belt the gray hill-side and pastoral rivulets swerving to left and right through meadowy curves, till, climbing the ridged wold, I looked down on the tiny thorpe bosomed in trees, and, beyond, a noble English champaign. If Lincolnshire is an ugly county it is not so here. I don't think it is ugly anywhere—certainly not the waste enormous marsh, with its trenched waters running from sky to sky like emblems of infinity, which the dreaming boy-poet loved to gaze at from the "sand-built ridge of heaped hills that mound the sea". Somersby, however, is all pastoral sweetness. It is this tranquil, gracious kind of scenery which is meet nurse for a poet who is primarily an artist, and in the perfect "Ode to Memory"—a truly amazing production for a youth of scarce twenty-one—Mnemosyne does not come to him from lands of flaunting vine or from the waterfall ever sounding and shining "a pillar of white light upon the wall of purple cliffs, aloof descried", but from the quiet, sequestered, Lincolnshire parsonage,

And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
At every elbow and turn,
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.

The many descriptions of Somersby and of the wold-country in "In Memoriam" are more familiar to most people. The "Brook" fretting its banks by many a field and fallow is not the Somersby beck in particular, and the seven dialect poems are racy sketches of character in "the parts of Lindsey" rather than of landscape. But whether as having moulded the poet's imagination for the first twenty-eight years of his life or from its immortal association with the Hallam threnody, this hidden bit of Lincolnshire is quite the most Tennysonian of the Tennyson homes. He made Aldworth and Farringford, but Somersby made him. This, and the distance of time, and the proprietary feeling the visitor has of having discovered the spot—even to the Tennyson family it came to be a thing of the past, though I once met Horatio, the youngest brother, in the neighbourhood—and the unchanged character of the house and garden, create, in spite of a recently erected notice-board, a sense of pathetic intimacy and privacy, and of something not shared with the public, which it is not easy to feel, say, at Rydal Mount. Nor has Somersby Rectory yet been turned into a museum.

Most of the rooms, happily, are empty—the bedroom, however, where Alfred, then No. 4, was born, and which "heard his earliest cry", is used—and the visitor can people or furnish nursery, schoolroom, Dr. Tennyson's study, and Alfred's own attic den, where gymnastics took place and where he tamed an owl that he had enticed in at the window, how he or she pleases. There were twelve young Tennysons, so it was a tight fit—a nest of nightingales, Leigh Hunt afterwards called the family. In the sitting-room Alfred, with a sister on his knee and the baby between his legs, would enthrall a circle of listeners by the firelight with stories of knights and dragons and Indians. The odd Gothic annexe was built by Dr. Tennyson for a dining room, and contains a chimney-piece and door of his carving.

He was a scholarly and able man, and the boys and girls had plenty of standard books at hand.

But it was when walking alone about the "garden bowered close" that I found it easiest to go back in fancy across four-score years. It is small, old-fashioned, untidy—probably it was so then also. But here are little "alleys of the trailing rose", a few crowned lilies and some "purple-spiked lavender", a sunflower or two and rose carnation, more than one towering sycamore—Hallam Tennyson told his father in 1892 that the trees had grown up round the house—and a witch-elm counterchanging the flat lawn with dusk and bright. These are the garden-walks in which, when Somersby had to be quitted, "two spirits of a diverse love"—for father and for friend—contended for loving masterdom; the hazel-bowers too, where the poet walked with Arthur Hallam and dreamed of high things—to be sure, clever young men in George IV.'s reign talked a good deal of tiresome and superficial Liberalism, but we look back on such dawn-golden days through a mist of tears. Here Tennyson wrote "A spirit haunts the year's last hours". And there, beyond the rectory field, between alders and aspens, the haunts of hern and crane, flows down the cold rivulet to the sea, by the side of which, when leaving "the well-beloved place" just seventy years ago, he wrote the lines called "A Farewell", with the refrain "No more by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever". His son says that the delicious beauty of this brook haunted him through life. In the little orchard some apples have already fallen. "How often", he once said, "have I risen in the early dawn to see the golden globes lying in the dewy grass among those trees." On this grass-plot as a boy he paced up and down in "tremendous excitement" with a new-found Bewick, rushing in from time to time to show the others some wonderful woodcut. He told Mrs. Ritchie that here they held mock-tournaments and played at kings and knights and ladies. One day here, in early manhood, he lifted from the grass and carried a pet pony, and Brookfield ("old Brooks") said, "It is not fair, Alfred, that you should be Hercules as well as Apollo". On this lawn, too, Arthur Hallam lay and read "the Tuscan poets" aloud.

Across the lane stands on a mound the picturesquely humble house of God, poorly patched with brick in churchwarden days of cheapness, and alas! gutted of all interest within in the mid-Victorian era of paltry, pitch-pine "restoration". Except a Jacobean brass and the font there is nothing left of the interior which Tennyson knew—though very likely he knew only gallery and deal horse-boxes up to the altar, as may still be seen in some churches near. Others lie in ruins, for Protestantism and parsimony laid a heavy hand on these parts. The font is regarded with veneration by visitors as the one in which the "poeta" was "renatus". But a wretched doubt obtrudes itself. Tennyson's biographer points to his having been christened when two days old as a proof of Dr. Tennyson's rubrical punctiliousness. But a drawing-room rite was usual in those unchurchlike days for people who rode in gigs, and baby Alfred was probably not taken to church at all. If 8 August, 1809, was a week-day, we may feel sure the "hard doors" were securely locked. Dr. Tennyson's grave is not "where the kneeling hamlet drains the chalice of the grapes of God", but in the kirkyard outside. He had many a dark hour, and on one of these graves Alfred, scared by his father's fits of gloom, lay more than once in the darkness, praying to be himself beneath the sod. He wrote in after years:

"Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows.
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone".

During the years which elapsed between Dr. Tennyson's death and the departure from Somersby, where the new rector had allowed the family to stay on, the exquisite instrument of Tennyson's verse was being polished and matured, at first with his friend, the lover of Emilia Tennyson, by his side, and then in loneliness. As we leave the narrow plaintive home, and the pleasant farms and fields where the boy used

to stride about in the dark shouting his lines or lie watching the stars, and as we climb once more by sheepwalk and lonely fold, every spot breathes memories of the two friends. Actual recollection of the family, of course, has faded "from all the circle of the hills"—an old woman at Tetford was, I believe, the last who remembered the poet. I knew in boyhood a Mrs. Marwood, a connexion of the hangman, who was a nursemaid at the rectory, and used to speak of "Master Alfred", but she is long dead. An ancient land-measurer, who taught the boy swimming, used to describe him to the present owner as an "owdacious lad", always roaming with heels downtrodden and wind-tossed hair. Mr. Staniland tells me he remembers four lines cut in the friable sandstone, but, like "Byron is dead!", they are gone. Tennyson himself came back several times to Mablethorpe—"the drain-cut level of the marshy lea", to Horncastle, where the Sellwoods lived, and to Grasby, his brother Charles Tennyson-Turner's vicarage. But he never saw Somersby again, except, in 1838, from the Hagworthingham road, the tops of the elms on the rectory lawn just kindling into green. He wrote to Emily Sellwood of this, reminding her that he had read to her under those trees. She and he met first in 1830 in the Fairy Wood at Enderby, Arthur Hallam being with her. Was she Dryad, or Oread? he asked. But it was not till 1850 that love found its earthly close.

Tennyson down to his death would lapse sometimes into the old tongue, and the dialect poems, I think, are worth drawers-full of dramas and Exhibition odes. It is pleasant to find the rich old world-speech round one's ears once again, to be told the "gaainest" way to a place, or to be spoken to by an old gardener of apricocks and the milner (miller) and rembling (shifting) the rose-trees. I knew such a cordwainer as Tennyson's village cobbler, but he was parish clerk, not a Methody man; abstemious also. Thursby (Thoresby) beyond Swaby has no longer the original meeting-house where Muggins "preached o' Hell fire an' the loov o' God fur men", but there is a Baptist chapel at Maltby-le-marsh, dated 1776, with some lovely old chandeliers in it, which ought to be the place where the churchwarden's cow was poisoned by the Baptists' sins. At Maltby too is a moated grange. Two years hence the "shere" will be centenaring its greatest son, whose statue has been set up at Lincoln, and a few weeks later will be the two-hundredth anniversary of Johnson's birth at Lichfield. Both were rich types of the English stock.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN.

THE REWARDS OF PATRIOTISM.

SOME months ago a strange apparition occurred in our part of Ireland, a kind of gigantic Daddy-long-legs, with no legs, having a monstrous length of dorsal column, which ran to sixteen feet, and tapered to a metallic tail of bright red, with a hook at the extremity; no visible head, but numerous eyes set irregularly about the shoulders; one enormous wing, which, like the arm of an insane windmill, went out at a grotesque angle on the left side; and strangest of all, a sort of rudder, which, when agitated, set up inside his body a rattle exactly like that of cog-wheels. That the monster meant mischief there was no doubt, his wing alone proving that, with its serried spikes enough to rip the bosom of a mountain; and, to give the last touch of terror, he carried round his headless neck a label with my own name and address, which, even on the neck of an angel, would have caused suspicion of some nefarious design against the glory of the Irish nation.

The bravery of Irishmen is well known, in the service of any other country than their own, but on this occasion they left the other countries to their fate, and struck a blow for Ireland; nay, many blows, the marks of which I have seen, with feelings that have required the calm of months to secure the impartial accuracy of this narrative.

The giant was first seen approaching the railway, and our patriots encountered him on all sides, not mounted and squired like the immortal hero of that similar achievement in mediæval Spain, but rather in

the form of irregular infantry, and with weapons as varied as the adversary was formidable and mysterious.

He remained quiet, even until they wriggled his rudder, after which, finding him still peaceful, they fell on him and literally dismembered him.

About that time, I made inquiries at the local railway station, and there found my new mowing-machine, broken to pieces.

The danger to the nation of a mowing-machine coming to my place will not be apparent to the reader who is not Irish, but the explanation is simple—my farm is a successful one, which is a great sin. It produces more than four times as much as it did when I got it a few years ago, for about half the labour expended before my time. Before I bought the fee-simple, the rent was only about five shillings an acre, so bad was the land, and the annual production on much of it is now £10 an acre. The patriots wanted me to join them in fighting for a reduction of a shilling, but instead of agitating for a shilling, I worked for the £10, and got it, making a difference of £9 19s. an acre in favour of intelligent work and against agitation. Then I asked them, "Why do you prefer one shilling to one hundred and ninety-nine shillings?" but, instead of putting up a statue for me, they passed strong resolutions against me, for showing how to put a certain £9 19s. into the peasant's pocket instead of one doubtful shilling.

My demonstrations might drive up the value of land, and the "National Policy" was to drive it down, so that Smith might get for nothing some of what belonged to Jones, at a cost of more than twenty times as much to Smith himself. The discovery that £9 19s. was worth more than a shilling did not seem to me a very profound achievement at the time, but had it been less obvious it might have been less irritating. The peasants could see what I meant well enough, except the frock-coated variety of them, who might no longer wear frock coats if it were found out that £9 19s. was worth more than a shilling. Accordingly, the frock-coated ones led the attack on my mowing-machine, and the actual destruction was done by their unfortunate followers.

During early summer, when I was in London bringing out a book for the benefit of my beloved country, my beloved country was "organised" to make these attacks on my farm at home; and two of the tribe left in my absence without notice, one saying "he must get an Emergency man now", that is, a kind of person who works for boycotted people because no one else will employ him. This was the same "man" who had often confessed that I had "saved his life", when he was evicted, destitute and dying; but, as I have shown so often, the individual has little business with a conscience or a character in those parts of Ireland, where he must have his conduct dictated to him if he is to have peace.

I had many acres of the finest meadow in Ireland to cut, and no one to cut it. There were two lads still on the farm, but, apart from "popular opinion", there was hardly anything like a real man in the whole "Congested" district. In addition, I was away. Plainly, the time had come to destroy me—with the Commission on Congestion under an engagement to visit me in August, just when the valuable meadows would be nicely rotted, according to the plans of the "National Policy".

On arriving from London, I found the meadows nearly fit to cut, and then followed the destruction of the mowing-machine. "Order up another at once", I said, and in due course the other arrived—broken to pieces. "Wire for another", I said, smiling—the best time in life to smile is when one is expected to lie down and groan, but apart from that, I knew the loss for breakage was between the railway company and the manufacturers. The breakers knew it too, but the destruction was aimed at the meadows, not at the machine. The next machine arrived, partly broken.

We had not merely to learn to work a mowing-machine; we had to learn to work a broken one. After two days of empirical tinkering and considerable removals of skin from my fingers, I entered a field at six o'clock, went click-click-click as long as there was enough light, and found I had down half the field, with

the machine in better order than when I started, and the horses hardly warm. The hills were lined with wondering people until the sun went down. As I came home with the horses, the rich clover nodded its flowered heads to the ground in recognition of victory, and I smiled again, this time a different smile; then thought of the poor fellow who had been driven away into the world, where he could not so readily find people to take him on their shoulders in his penniless misery and sickness. Well, I had done something more than my duty by him, even though I could not provide him with a conscience; it was no time for sentiment, and to-morrow wanted serious thought, with the "National Policy", frock-coated and silk-hatted, "organised" to attack me again if possible, lest it should be found out that £9 19s. was worth more than one shilling.

The next day was better still. In my ignorance of the work, I was mowing more than seven of my neighbours, setting the help free to make the hay, which, after four days from cutting, and in the finest condition, was put into the first stack built within many miles. In a single season, the whole price of the machine has been saved, and I have the machine, besides getting the price of another machine for this article, which would never have been written but for the "National Policy" and its attack on the farm.

Once it was seen that I could do my own work, and that I had triumphed with the meadows, everybody was ready to work for me—always with the man who is up, because he is up, and against the man who is down, because he is down. Who can blame them? Have they not been bred in terror, and "educated" from the cradle to suspend their own sense of right and wrong for the greater glory of the dictator? "Comfort the afflicted" is one of our divine injunctions, even here in Mayo; but it is turned into "Persecute the afflicted" by the very men whose special duty it is to teach the divine command, so that the privilege to teach becomes a power to corrupt.

In spite of all, we had some native touches that were good to know during hay-time, and here is one. The day we finished stacking the big field it rained all round us. People were flooded out of their houses in the nearest town, only four miles away, and so it was in the town the other side of us. We saw the "water-spouts" going past us and let loose on them. I was on the stack, and the lightning seemed to flash among our hay-forks, while the pile under our feet seemed to vibrate with the thunder. Now and then a few sudden drops fell our way, but that was all, and we went on with our stacking. Just when the last load was up and sheeted, down came the torrents, and then the lads began to discuss the strange escape. "Arrah, don't you know", said a wag among them, "that the boss can keep the rain away?" They gathered round him in wonder, and he told them of the wonderful books I had, which, by reading them in the midnight, enabled me to bring on storm or sunshine as it suited my purpose for the morrow. This power of controlling the heavens is what they understand by Freemasonry here, and though they assume it to control the heavens, they attribute it to the Devil, who is said to be brought up through the floor by the operator, and to bring the operator down with him unless the visitor can be induced to retire on some easier conditions. There is supposed to be a contract between the Devil and the Freemason, on the terms of which the Freemason gets this power over Nature and must give up his soul to the Devil as the price sooner or later. Then, what a hateful thing a Freemason must be in the minds of these people! He is nothing but a Devil's instrument, and yet some of the clergy, I regret to say, tell the people that I am a Freemason, though I am not, never have been, and never will be, a member of that or of any other secret organisation, believing as I do that what is good ought not to be kept secret, and that society as a whole is bound to suffer in so far as it is divided off, secretly or otherwise, into sections working each for itself only, and without regard to the common good. That sectional working is the curse of my unhappy country, and it is because I demonstrate the evil effects of it that I am called a Freemason.

Why do I put up with this life while there is a welcome for me in London, and four times the

remuneration for the thought and effort which I give to this farm? Because I am fond of Ireland, because I think she needs my work, because the effect of my work on Ireland is already far-reaching, because I know my purpose is a great one, however poorly or unpleasantly attempted; because there is a fascination in the attempt, and because any success I realise must be cumulative in its effect, with fifty following to-morrow where one ventures to-day in the direction of mental freedom, and the suspended faculties of a fallen race restored to support them on our kind and beautiful island among the peoples of the world. How strange that those now organising a nation to persecute me do not ask themselves what conceivable motive of a personal or selfish sort could induce me to stay in Ireland working a little farm!

PAT.

A CLASSIC CHESS GAME.

THERE is a tendency to regard old games of chess as dull or unsound. Yet it is safe to assert that Philidor, who holds first place in popular esteem among masters previous to La Bourdonnais, played games which bear comparison with our own time. He was of course a musician as well, and was among the earliest to apply mnemonics to chess. His feat of three blind-fold games played simultaneously was at that time regarded as verging on the uncanny. L. Paulsen, Zukertort, Blackburne and others developed this gift to a wonderful extent, and the limit perhaps was reached in Pillsbury's record performances, which will probably be unique at least for this generation.

The game appended is a typical specimen of the best play of the period. There is a calm confidence and subtlety in the defence, a clear evidence of strength in reserve, prepared to take over the initiative at the proper moment without undue hurry or risk. Moreover the opposing play, if not distinguished by any striking merit, is free from glaring blunders, and shows the general type of game in vogue among first-rate amateurs in the eighteenth century.

Black's strategy, more especially the sequence of moves after the exchange of queens, is admirable, and would do credit to any master of our own time. The actual force is even, but the power and moral effect of the passed pawn is overwhelming.

MASERES AND FRANÇOIS ANDRÉ DANICAN PHILIDOR.

Odds of KBP and move.

White	Black	White	Black
Maseres	Philidor	Maseres	Philidor
1. P-K4	Kt-KR3		

Once a favourite defence, though modern players prefer Kt-QB3, or a move of a centre pawn. It is a noticeable fact that after players reach a certain standard of skill these odds are extremely difficult to meet, and even Steinitz in his heyday could not stand up against the young English player De Vere with this concession. One of the most curious facts, however, is that Staunton against Harrwitz was more successful at the still greater odds of pawn and two moves than with the pawn and move. He had, however, made a special study of these puzzling and deceptive odds, and was thoroughly cognisant of the fact that the attack is very apt to outrun discretion by a too premature advance.

2. P-Q4	Kt-B2	11. Castles	Q-B2
3. B-Q3	P-K3	12. Q-K2	P-B5
4. Kt-KB3	P-Q4	13. B-B2	R-QKt1!
5. P-K5	P-B4	14. Kt-R3	B-K2
6. P-B3	Kt-B3	15. P-R3	Castles
7. B-K3	P-QKt3	16. Kt-R2	P-QKt4!
8. B-QKt5?	B-Q2	17. P x P	P x P
9. P-QR4	P-QR3	18. Q-Kt4	K-Kt2
10. B-Q3	P-Kt3		

An admirable coup de repos, both giving white the opportunity to declare his intentions and avoiding possibilities of a sacrifice with a view to perpetual check. Black now guides his knight to KB4, frequently the master square in this type of game, and with 22. P-Kt5 begins a "weakening process" on the queen's side in the true modern style, and having

annihilated that wing establishes a clear winning advantage.

19. P-B4	Kt-R3	27. Kt-B2	Kt x B
20. Q-Kt3	Kt-B4	28. QR x Kt	Q x KtP
21. B x Kt	R x B	29. Kt-K3	Q x Qch
22. Q-B3	P-Kt5!	30. K x Q	R-Kt6
23. P x P	Kt x KtP	31. R-KB3	R-Q6
24. P-Kt4	KR-B1	32. R-Q1	B-QR5!
25. Q-Kt2	Kt-Q6	33. R x R	P x R
26. B-B1	Q-Kt3	34. KKt-B1	B-Kt5!

Particular attention should be paid to the co-operation of the bishops. The game is already theoretically won, but practice, we saw both at Ostend and Carlsbad, does not always go hand in hand with theory.

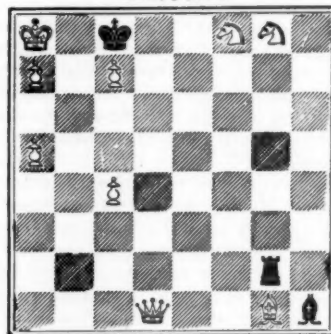
35. R-B2	B-B6!	44. Kt-K3	P-B6!
36. R-R2	B-Kt6!	45. K-Q3	K-B2
37. R-KB2	B x P	46. Kt-Q1	K-K2
38. R-Q2	R x P!	47. Kt x P	B x Kt
39. M x P	B-B5	48. K x B	K-Q3
40. Kt x B	P x Kt	49. K-Q4	P-K4 ch
41. R-KB3	R x R	50. K-K4	K-K3
42. K x R	B x P	51. P-R4	P-R3!
43. K-K4	B-B3		and wins in a few moves.

Apart from any question of the "opposition" there is no further fight left. White must occupy himself with attendance on the centre pawn, and black at the right moment simply abandons it and captures both the side pawns.

In the fine chess suicide below, a class of problem giving great scope for originality, white plays Q-R1, forcing K x P on black, and after 2. Q-K5 ch. three brilliant variations result.

PROBLEM 127. By J. KOHTZ and C. KOCKELKORN.

Black, 3 pieces.



White, 9 pieces.

White compels black to mate in 5 moves.

PROBLEM 128. By KOHTZ and KOCKELKORN.—White (5 pieces): K-KB4, Q-QB5, R-Q8, Kt-QB8, P-Q6. Black (8 pieces): K-K3, Rs on KR1 and QR1, B-KKt1, Ps on KR2, KB3, QKt4 and QR3. Mate in three moves.

KEY TO PROBLEM 125: Kt-K4
" " 126: Q-B4

CORRESPONDENCE.

FORTHCOMING LICENSING LEGISLATION. I

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Queen's Road, Wimbledon, S.W.

27 October, 1907.

SIR,—The social and economic upheaval that must result from any more interference with "the Trade" is so clear, so manifest to even the man in the street, that it is little short of marvellous the members of the so-called "Temperance" party cannot see the havoc threatening the world of commerce from their ill-timed, intemperate and illogical proposals shortly, at their bidding, to be adopted by one of the most impossible Governments this country has ever seen! Sir Henry talks of "the whole country" looking to him and his heterogeneous party of mad Socialists, rabid teetotalers, tub-thumping demagogues, smug Pecksniffs, and complacent Chadbands, the brilliant author of the never-to-be-forgotten terminological inexactitudes, and the hundred and one nonentities forming "the Government",

to save this and their other plundering and confiscatory legislation "from the tender mercies of the Lords". I would like in a further letter, by your kind permission, to discuss what should be the attitude of the Lords on this and the other precious proposed legislation; but in this I would like to show investors in brewery, distillers and the numerous allied trades, with ramifications throughout the whole commercial world, how disastrous the forthcoming Bill will be to their investments.

Let us take one of the proposals, viz. time limit.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in moving his resolution in the House of Lords in 1904, said: "At the close of twenty-one years a man of prudence ought to be able, by the financial arrangement he would have made, to arrange for the payment of the considerable lump sum which would be needed to acquire a new licence, or for making the annual contribution he would be called upon to pay on account of the monopoly value."

Now has his Grace ever thought, if this principle were applied to property in general, what effect it would have socially and economically upon society? And *cui bono*? Will it, applied to publicans, restrain the drunkard? Will it lessen the sale of alcoholic beverages? Will it make one single man or woman in this country "a teetotaler," or even more temperate in their habits? Most emphatically not! But, sir, let us consider the effect upon society if this vicious principle were applied, say, to land and house property. A man invests his capital in either or both, but at the expiration of a term of years it is confiscated by the State. The effect upon the property of the Church, of course, would be insensible, seeing that "at the close of twenty-one years a man of prudence ought to be able by the financial arrangement," &c., &c.

Suppose it were proposed by the enemies of the Church—and they are fairly numerous in Sir Henry's following—what would the nation say if it were seriously proposed to apply this iniquitous principle to the property of the Church, and at the end of twenty-one years hand it over to the confiscators? The hand, the insidious hand of the Socialist can be seen here, Sir, unmistakably. If this precious "time limit" principle ever becomes the law of the land, the Socialist's millennium will not be far off.

It is estimated that at least one hundred million sterling (£100,000,000) is invested in debentures and mortgages secured upon breweries and other licensed properties, and that the value of licences throughout the whole of the country is probably not less than £200,000,000 sterling! And the pity of it all is if the whole of this gigantic sum were confiscated by the State to-morrow, the sum total of drunkenness, or even the amount imbibed by the people of alcoholic liquors, would not by one iota be lessened.

It is to be deplored our teetotal friends cannot see the evils of intemperance are only to be combated by education, chiefly through the teaching of hygiene and physiology, and not by the ruin of thousands of respectable men, called publicans, involving not only their own families, but involving also in the common ruin hundreds of thousands of investors, including the widow and the orphan, and the many hundreds of thousands of the working classes engaged in the brewery, distilling and allied trades.

With thanks, yours sincerely,
H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

CHANNEL TRAIN FERRY: THE NEW PROJECT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

R. U. S. I., 31 October, 1907.

SIR,—In the early part of this year much public interest was centered on the possibility of a Channel Tunnel being constructed to join England and France by a train service under the sea, and you were kind enough to permit my views on the subject to be announced in your columns.

The Government, however, did not view the project with favour, as, apart from any assistance it might offer to the travelling public, they considered it might give

intensity to any political panic, should such arise, and so it was tabooed and rejected by the Government; and it is to be hoped that the project, like the Wembley Tower, has been consigned to oblivion as a practical object, and that the sixteen million pounds either remain in the pockets of the would-be investors or have been devoted to other objects.

In my previous letter I suggested that all the advantages suggested by a Channel Tunnel, as regarded communication with the Continent, would be better met by a Train Ferry service between Dover and Calais, and that this was amply verified by the daily service now carried on between Berlin and Copenhagen, by the train from either capital being placed at once on board the steamer awaiting it, at Warnemünde or Gjedser, and carried on without let or hindrance to its destination.

The system of Train Ferries has been given even greater prominence in North America, where several lines operate, especially between Chicago and several towns on Lake Michigan, and there are other train ferries crossing the estuaries in that continent in constant use, all of them liable to rough usage from the sea approaches.

The project of a Train Ferry service is now assured by the approval of both the British and French Governments. I adhere to the opinion that foreign railway travel can be greatly assisted by a Train Ferry service, and that the discomfort of transferring passengers and their luggage, and especially postal matter, is greatly relieved by such service. Also that at no distant date it is to be hoped that the principal centres of communication in Europe and beyond, will be reached without change of carriages, and that such convenient arrangements will greatly assist the travelling public in visiting those distant parts.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
CHAS. SLACK, Captain.

BOERS AND BRITISH OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 November, 1907.

SIR,—I see that you repeat (as if it could not be questioned) the statement so often now made that the Transvaal Government are replacing British officials by Boers, and the assumption is made both in the SATURDAY REVIEW and other papers that the Boer Government are acting unfairly. I have a great many relatives in the Transvaal, and I am given specific instances of unsuitable and incompetent officials appointed by the temporary Imperial Government—of a mining inspector who admitted he was never in a mine; of an officer in a line regiment who was appointed a road surveyor; of cattle inspectors whose duties lay in Dutch-speaking districts who could not speak a word of Dutch. These were all relatives or friends of very highly placed officials with no other qualifications, and naturally they were obliged to go. My friends tell me Botha is acting in a perfectly straightforward manner in every respect, and that he is genuine in his loyalty to the Empire. I am aware myself he was always a man animated by high principles, and that too at a time when these did not pay in the Transvaal.

As a warm supporter of the Conservatives and one who considered the Liberals took a tremendous risk in dealing with the Transvaal as they did, I would warn you and editors of other Conservative papers to take reports like those you refer to "*cum grano salis*".

IPSE DIXIT.

THE AGRICULTURAL PADGETT M.P.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Literary and journalistic gentlemen, in pursuit of "copy" for small holdings and anti-landlord agitations, have failed to recognise what a peculiar class are British farmers as regards information in such matters. It is part of the traditions and instincts of their lives not to say they are prosperous or anything of that kind. One very good year a farmer on a large farm whom I knew well admitted to me that his wheat would run to

six or eight quarters an acre. At a rent dinner soon afterwards, without mentioning names, I referred to this in conversation with another large farmer. He turned sharply round to me and said, "He ought not to have told you this, sir". I replied, "Why not?" He repeated, with some bitterness and feeling, "He ought not to have told it, sir, not even to his own father". Knowing them well, even I was astonished at the strong feeling with which he closed the subject.

What must I think, therefore, of the kind of information which the agricultural Padgett M.P. gets from such people, going through the country at the rate of twenty miles or so per day? He treats them as rustics; but is he not himself the rustic in such interviews? I should like to be present when he is dealing with some of these innocent farmers, or rather when they are dealing with him. He would be no match for their simplicity.

Yours faithfully,

NORTH COUNTRY.

CHARLES I. AND THE "POLITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lyceum Club, 26 October, 1907.

SIR,—Will you permit me to express my hearty appreciation of your reviewer's excellent criticism on "The Political History of England", Vol. VII., by F. C. Montague? It warms the heart of an old Jacobite to find that there are still some brave people left who can speak out boldly in the cause of a much maligned King. May I quote just one sentence out of many equally admirable?

"Had Charles been unscrupulous he would have won"; and just one more, "He stood for a principle; Elizabeth and Oliver did not". Yes! he stood for the liberties of his Church, and he died for those liberties. He would have been a good ruler if he had had half a chance. This truth will be conceded some day. Catholics, who are bound to be more in sympathy with the Anglican Church than they can possibly be with any other, may surely concede this, and with it, a tribute of admiration to the martyred King. He was pure as a little child. The snowflakes which fell upon his coffin were not more pure than he.

May I take this opportunity of expressing a desire which I have long wished to write to your courageous paper about? It is this: I wish the statue of Charles the First could be decorated annually and in the open. Why may not this be done? Surely when we can decorate the monuments of subjects—Nelson, Beaconsfield—we may pay a similar tribute to a King?

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

ADA SHURMER.

THE DESECRATION OF THE MATTERHORN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

33 Leinster Square, Bayswater, W.,

6 November, 1907.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to make a few remarks on your note in the SATURDAY REVIEW concerning the projected railway on the Matterhorn?

It is perhaps not universally known that as soon as it was reported that Mr. Seiler, of Zermatt, intended to obtain a concession for this railway, a storm of indignation was immediately aroused throughout the mountain-loving Swiss population.

Mr. Seiler, of course, put the thing very cleverly. He claimed to be a kind of human benefactor by enabling everybody (for about fifty francs) to enjoy the magnificent view from the summit of the king of the Swiss mountains. He pointed out how much more comfortable it would be to get up inside the mountain in a lift, instead of scrambling up on its decayed surface, &c., &c. It is not my business to point out the absurdity of these arguments, as everybody acquainted with the facts must know that the object of mountaineering is not solely to get up on the top of a mountain as quickly and comfortably as possible. Moreover it is an undisputed fact that the view

obtained from so lofty a peak can never be compared with one obtained from a much less imposing summit, as, for instance, the Gornergrat or the Rigi.

The whole question for Mr. Seiler is one of money, and I should like to point out to your readers that long before the protest meeting was held in London last week a kind of "referendum" was arranged in Switzerland under the auspices of the Swiss Alpine Club. A petition, endorsed by over thirty-five thousand signatures, was handed over to the Department of the Interior last August, protesting forcibly against the desecration, or, to speak with Whymper, against the vulgarisation of the peak which, for the past century, was the terror and fascination of the mountaineer, and at the same time the symbol of everything grand and pure amongst the Alps.

I could not gather from the available reports whether it was stated in the London protest meeting that the Swiss had already taken effective measures to prevent the execution of Mr. Seiler's plans.

I got the impression that outside our little country everybody believed the Swiss nation to be a mass of money-grabbing hotel keepers, without any appreciation of the grandeur of our beloved scenery.

If this letter should help to change such an opinion, it will answer its purpose.

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

HANS ED. FIERZE,

S.A.C., Uto.

"FLAT ESSEX."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

161 New Park Road, Clapham Park, S.W.,

6 November, 1907.

SIR,—I have read the letter under the above title in the SATURDAY REVIEW, written by Mr. Hay, and as an Essex man bred and born, with your kind permission I will tell him what both Morant's and Wright's opinions are as to the view from Laindon Hills; they are generally supposed to be judges of such matters.

There are many fine views in Essex, quite comparable with the much-vaunted and fashionable ones in other counties and abroad; but the public prefer to be fleeced in some foreign place.

Morant says: "The view from Langdon Hills" (Morant spells this with a "g") "opens with such a descent into so large and fine a vale, that extends quite up to London—being twenty miles or more—affording a noble prospect of that great city, with the river Thames and all its shipping and craft of every sort, and Tilbury Fort; as also all the coast of Kent, to the Medway, if not further, and is from east to west near forty miles, perhaps more; so that Essex, all things considered, may justly boast, here, of the grandest prospect in England."

Wright says: "The most extensive view in Essex is from the brow of this eminence, which is believed to be, also, the finest prospect in England: . . . the traveller is astonished to behold a scene so beautiful, extending towards London more than twenty, and from east to west including an extent of nearly forty miles."

Mr. Wright here quotes Mr. Young from his "Southern Tour" as follows: "On the summit of a vast hill, one of the most astonishing prospects to be beheld breaks out almost at once upon one of the dark lanes. Such a prodigious valley appears, beneath you, that it is past description, the Thames winding through it, full of ships and bounded by the hills of Kent."

"Nothing can exceed it, unless that which Hannibal exhibited to his disconsolate troops, when he bade them behold the glory of the Italian plains. I beg you will go and view this enchanting scene, though a journey of forty miles be necessary for it. I never beheld anything equal to it, in the west of England, that region of landscapes."

I may add that there is a most beautiful pastoral view of Laindon, and the valley before it, from the grounds of Coombe Lodge, Great Warley, near Brentwood.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. MORRIS.

REVIEWS.

AVE VENEZIA.

"Gleanings from Venetian History." By F. Marion Crawford, with Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. London: Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

MR. CRAWFORD, following his book on Rome, has written a book, not less excellent, on Venice. He tells us the story of the city, that was indeed a nation, with all the art of the novelist, but with the historian's care for facts, his eagerness to gather all he can at first hand, his conscientious, persistent search for the truth. This very fortunate combination of the writer as artist and the historian, rare enough to-day, is responsible for one of the most fascinating books we have seen for a very long time. Beginning with a beautiful "appreciation" of the city, that could only have been written by a man of letters, Mr. Crawford traces her history not superficially but with a real learning, an attention at least to all the best authorities from Fabio Mutinelli to Molmenti. With him we pass through all that marvellous romance, so full of confidence and force, that is the story of Venice from the time when the Brenta fought with the tides and created the islands and the lagoons, when the men of Aquileia used Grado, the men of Padua, Rialto and Olivolo for harbours, till on 18 January 1798 the Austrians took possession of the city they had bought from Napoleon, who having got his price proceeded to strip the dead city of everything that was splendid or beautiful, dragging the horses of S. Mark from the façade of the Duomo, and sending them with the most valuable pictures, parchments and books, like the robber he was, to Paris. Thus Venice died. And now, like a vast precious stone sinking into the mud and ooze of her lagoons, she is vanishing from our earth in the sea distance and her lapsing tides.

We said that this book was written by a scholar, and indeed there is almost no statement made that is of any importance for which the authority is not cited. And knowing full well that the "general reader"—for whom the book is meant—dislikes footnotes above all things, these authorities are given very cleverly in little inset notes, just the name and nothing more, "Rom. i. 73", "Chron. Aston." and so forth, while at the end in an appendix there is a full bibliography. Thus the book, with Mr. Pennell's beautiful and wonderfully effective drawings, becomes complete in itself, a work for the general reader and for the scholar too, as well as for the lover of Venice.

Whether he be writing of the origins of the Republic or of the first Crusades, the relation between Pope, Emperor and Doge, or Venice and the East, the Council of Ten, the various conspiracies, the life of the hero Carlo Zeno, the Feast of the Maries, or the great deliverance after the war of Chioggia, Mr. Crawford has always something illuminating to say, and indeed both in his "Rome" and here in this book on Venice he seems to us one of the best "introductory" writers, as perhaps we may call them, on Italian History. He generalises with a touch of genius, and in a picturesque and entirely delightful fashion throws light on difficult or dark places; and then to such as doubt him he will presently show, almost slyly as though to reassure even the most sceptical, that he knows all the facts, that his authorities are his friends, the chroniclers his daily companions. This is the charm of his historical work, that it is full of surprises and refuses to be dull: yet it is never superficial or merely a brilliant piece of writing, but the result of a happy combination of the writer and the scholar.

If we must give an example it shall be not from the more romantic pages on Marino Faliero, Carlo Zeno, or the heroic story of the defeat of Genoa, but from those byways of knowledge which in this book certainly are not the least delightful parts of it; bits of learning about the occupations and life of women in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Fairs and Inns of Venice, the great Press of Aldus Manutius, the Accademia or the Calza Club. It is, however, two specimens that he gives of the Letters of the Republic's representatives in foreign courts, the

despatches of Ludovico Falier, for instance, ambassador to Henry VIII., that not only prove his knowledge, but show a very unusual and fascinating side of this book.

It was in 1531 that Falier rendered an account of his mission to our Court, writing of "the manners and customs" of England in the years 1528 to 1531. Cardinal Wolsey was about to fall into disgrace and Catherine of Aragon soon to be deserted. Falier crossed from Calais to Dover and came on horseback to London; he was met at S. George's by Venier, his predecessor, with several persons of the Court, including as he says the Cardinal, who entered the City with him and accompanied him to his house. He goes on to speak of Wolsey soon enough in the past tense, for he had fallen. Of Catherine he says: "The Queen is small of stature and plump, and has an honest face; she is good and just, affable and pious; she speaks fluently Spanish, Flemish, French, and English. Her subjects love her more than they ever loved any Queen . . . She has lived thirty-five years in England." She was then forty-five years old. Of the King he speaks almost enthusiastically, remarking the "beauty of his soul, the beauty of his body, the face of an angel, he resembles Cæsar, and contrary to English fashion wears a beard. He thinks nothing more unnatural than a sovereign who cannot dominate his people by his moral and physical qualities". Then he speaks of England. "In case of war His Majesty could arm four thousand light horse and sixty thousand Infantry. The latter would fight in the old-fashioned way [even then we seem to have been conservative in this matter], but the English do not fear death. As soon as the battle begins they provoke the enemy and charge furiously . . . They have not the slightest fear of Frenchmen, but they are much afraid of the Scotch." Later, writing of the Divorce, he says, "If the Holy Father will not grant the King permission to divorce the result will be a very great advantage for the English Crown, and a great danger to the Roman Church, for the King will detach himself from it, and will seize all the revenues of the Ecclesiastical benefices." He goes on among other things to describe trial by jury, and adds, "I need not lay stress on the defective form of such trials . . . for it often happens that eleven persons who wish to acquit the accused decide to condemn him to death in order to be of the opinion of the twelfth who is determined to bear starvation till this verdict is given." He informed his Government concerning us well!

If we have chosen to illustrate what we consider to be the peculiar merit of this book by an extract such as this, it is because it is in such out of the way knowledge, in such surprises as it were, that the charm of the book lies. Anyone who has read M. Baschet's book on the "Histoire de la Chancellerie Secrète" is aware of the value and interest of the Venetian despatches; but to the ordinary writer of books on Italy they are as unknown as to the "general reader". It is part of the merit of this book that so many of such things are to be found in it.

We have come upon one or two mistakes. It is untrue, for instance, to say that Sigismondo Malatesta of Rimini murdered his wife, the daughter of the condottiere Carmagnuola. In the first place Sigismondo did not marry her, and in the second she died from natural causes. Again, one might as well write Mr. Carducci as Saint Gervasio, and Dogess is an impossible feminine of Doge. These and similar things here and there are but small blemishes however in an interesting and quite admirable book.

HISTORIAN OR TRAGEDIAN?

"Thucydides Mythistoricus." By F. M. Cornford. London: Arnold. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

AN historian creates history—if he is great enough. The ordinary chronicler chronicles, while the poet creates: that is the usual Greek antithesis. But when the chronicler is strong, and style clothes his words, he forces his view of events upon the readers who follow him. Homer, who was both historian and poet,

has made the Siege of Troy revolve round Achilles, and to-day it revolves and must for ever; Tacitus' reading of the Cæsars' dark souls stands by its own virtue, and we will not be taught better. Thucydides' art is less attractive, his method half rébarbatif—ah, those speeches! in which, as Polybius says, he "practises on the reader", which, as Diodorus says, make you turn the leaf or drop the history altogether! His art is not so convincing, but still he is very solemn and very difficult, and so we take him at his word and see the fifth century at Athens with his eyes; devoutly hope those Periclean deliverances mean something; and certainly take Thucydides' account of events as he gives it.

Now at last—no one believes Homer, and Tacitus has long since met his nemesis—comes Mr. Cornford, and in a book very long for the theme, and as earnest as Thucydides, endeavours to destroy Thucydides' creation, to show us what the facts were with which Thucydides dealt, and the method by which Thucydides painted them into the picture which we now contemplate. It is a sign of the vitality of the classics that an author so rubbed and thumbed as Thucydides, the food of how many generations of infants and adults too, who has weathered Poppo and Arnold, Grote and Müller-Strübing and Rutherford, should yet hold enough poison to irritate a reader's system into this book. Mr. Cornford sees in Thucydides no historian, strictly speaking, but a tragedian: an Æschylus, or an Æschylean mind. Causation in the modern sense being hidden from him, he conceived history as the working of the forces and principles we usually behold in tragedy—as, in fact, drama. He took pains and was honest, but his obsession by the play of Self-confidence, Brutality, Ambition and the like, in his characters made him misapprehend and misstate the causal relation of his events. Cleon and Alcibiades are not given their actual importance or place; they come on as characters in a play, they have their entrances and their exits. Pericles the same. Not only are the persons thus misrepresented, the whole war is set down to illusory causes. A commercial rivalry between Athens and Corinth led to it; Thucydides, Athenian and mine-proprietor though he was, was blind to the interests of the trading classes. With his head in the clouds he saw things and peoples the sport of Ate. Now as the wise Diodorus says, readers are free to decide this question according to their private temperaments; but it is unlikely that Mr. Cornford's view, elaborate though it is and interesting in places, will be accepted. For two reasons. He is prepossessed, or possessed, by plays and by embodied dæmons; that genial sophist of Tabland, whom he hails as his master, and the eloquent Miss Harrison, have him in a trance; Keres, Miss Harrison's familiars, lift his hair; Elpis, Pothos, Phthonos, Peitho, lead the ring round him; waking nought he sees save the peck and scratch of the actors, who like the Just and Unjust Reason sit scolding each other out of birdcages, he hears nothing save the chorus howling at the moon. Now such emphatic art as Tragedy, so often repeated and so truly Attic, undoubtedly coloured fifth-century minds. Even the universal and Arcadian Polybius is fond of phrases such as "drama", "the drama of Fate". But it is the fallacy of the Paucity of Causes to conceive a deliberate conscious historian, with rivals and predecessors, writing of events in which he had been an actor, as subjugated to this extent by the stage. The contrast between Take-in and Truth, Pleasure and Instruction, was a commonplace at every period, and Thucydides' most familiar sentence shows that he was aware of it. Moreover, allowing that Thucydides' way of regarding events had a tragic tinge—and the strong side of Mr. Cornford's book is as an analysis of Thucydides' mind—we do not thereby grant that he read his mental habit so much into the external universe as to be unaware of plain facts. Wars and catastrophes and ambitions moralise of themselves; as Mr. Cornford knows full well some events, according to Aristotle, are tragic without further treatment. The careers of Napoleon and Bismarck are dramatic, instinct with Ate, by whomever they are told, Lord Rosebery, Busch or Sir Archibald Alison. Thucydides saw how the Peloponnesian war tended to edification; he gave an

edge to the several events by the remarks he put in his characters' mouths, by the Melian dialogue: this he thought allowed him, here he dealt—to speak with Aristotle—with the Probable; here he is dramatic. Speeches, said Timæus, are to history as scenery is to real houses. It is a mistake to extend Thucydides' "art form" to his events, to call Cleon a type or consider the occurrence at Pylos distorted by a doctrine of luck. For, to put a simple question, what of the next generation, the children of Alcibiades and Cleon? For we do not hear of the Malignity of Thucydides. Demosthenes, it is true, calls Cleon a patriot, but an advocate addressing an Athenian court could hardly do otherwise. Thucydides and Xenophon we find classed together as matter-of-fact writers. Xenophon was pious, and Thucydides, to please Mr. Cornford, gloomy and fatalistic. But they saw Providence or Infatuation implicit in facts, they did not select or mould chronicle into acts and trilogies. They did not continue the Persæ: Troica non scripsere. Mr. Cornford says he cannot prove his thesis, it is an impression. Let Diodorus take the floor again: "each man is at liberty to decide these matters as he can persuade himself."

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL AGAIN.

"Leaves from the Note-books of Lady Dorothy Nevill."
Edited by Ralph Nevill. London: Macmillan. 1907.
15s. net.

TO try to repeat a success is always a risky experiment. Lady Dorothy Nevill's first book was such a success that we are a little sorry for the second. Mr. Ralph Nevill would have discovered a more tactful care of his mother's literary reputation if he had resisted the temptation to publish these notes. Of course Lady Dorothy cannot be other than a delightful companion. But a good many of the stories, such as those about Lord Cassilis and Lady Seymour and Lady Shuckburgh, "have already received the meed of public approbation", as Disraeli once said of Sir Robert Peel's quotations. And we are afraid that one of the best-known Dizzy stories is spoiled. Disraeli was not angry at hearing that Bernal Osborne had described his feeling for Lady Beaconsfield as one of gratitude. But when Osborne had asked, with his usual insolence, "What can you feel for that old woman, Dizzy?" the answer came quickly, "Something quite unknown to your nature, Bernal—gratitude". Lady Dorothy is always interesting in her comparison of society in her youth with the society of to-day. Two things strike this shrewd observer principally, the decline of conversation, and the invasion of the West End by the Stock Exchange. What may be called the professional talkers, like Abraham Hayward, Jekyll, Sydney Smith, have disappeared, and with them dinners such as used to be given at Holland House. Idiotic personal chaff, twaddling gossip unrelieved by witty scandal, and exasperating banalities about plays and novels, have taken the place of the talk of Macaulay and Rogers and Hook, and in later days of Wilde and Comyns Carr. The reason is not that witty and well-read men have ceased to exist, or rather to eat dinners. One explanation is that so many hosts and hostesses nowadays are Germans and Americans, who not only read nothing, but who do not speak the English tongue. Another explanation is that nobody would listen at a modern dinner party, talked a man never so well. Everybody is in such a hurry, and so profoundly ignorant of everything save the contents of the newspapers, that anyone who laid himself out really to talk about a subject would be stared at as an oddity, and voted by the young people a bore. As Lady Dorothy puts it, the host or hostess would say (probably with a Yankee twang or the guttural splutter of Frankfort), "Shall we change the subject?" or "Haven't we had enough of this?" Another habit of modern society which kills conversation is that of dining at restaurants. No talk of course is possible whilst your host is wrangling with the waiter, and your hostess is examining the gowns of the other women. For gambling on the Turf or at cards has been substituted gambling on the Stock Exchange. "The insidious craze for

speculating in stocks and shares has an almost unlimited number of votaries—women as well as men—whose one thought is to obtain information (as a rule unreliable) as to the chances of a rise or fall. This is an entirely new development. The great ladies of the past would as soon have thought of dabbling in City matters as of witnessing a prize-fight; in fact, of the two I think they would have given the preference to the latter as being the more select. Those, however, were the days before the City had conquered the West End, and when the jargon of the Stock Exchange was as yet unfamiliar to aristocratic ears." It is, of course, this insane craving for "tips" about shares that causes all doors to fly open at the advent of a successful speculator or financier. There is a good deal to be said for the old days when English gentlemen lost their money to one another at White's or Crockford's or Brooks'.

THE MICROSCOPE AND MODERN NEEDS.

"Microscopy." By Edmund J. Spitta. London: Murray. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

THE demand which of late years has sprung up for information concerning the minuter forms of matter has given an entirely new value and even a new significance to the microscope. To the scientific medical practitioner it is indispensable, and indispensable as an instrument for clinical use, not merely as an instrument of research. To the engineer the microscope will soon be equally necessary, for the growth of our knowledge concerning the minute structure of alloys has made its evidence of vital importance to the user of those compounds, and as "alloys", in this sense of the word, includes the compounds of iron and carbon—the whole range of wrought irons and steels—the subject-matter so defined is almost coextensive with mechanical engineering. While thus it serves the essential interests of society to-day, its minor applications to industrial purposes are innumerable. We learn from Dr. Spitta's book that it has received special adaptations to fit it for the purposes of the botanist and all who are concerned with the structure and treatment of vegetable fibres, such as manufacturers of textile fabrics; it has also been adapted to suit growers who may require a portable instrument for use upon the field. Forms specialised in another direction provide the pharmacist and the student of food-stuffs with the means of examining food-cells and tissues; while yet another type, strongly contrasted with all the preceding, is made for the geologist and crystallographer. The list might be largely extended. Upon these points Dr. Spitta's book contains much useful information, and his work has the merit of avoiding the terse and tabulated forms of expression in which mathematicians take delight, substituting those detailed and gradual explanations which clear up difficulties as and when they arise. In this easy style of writing he excels, and his success in this direction is the chief merit of his book. Most of what he has to say is necessarily matter of common knowledge to the well-furnished microscopist. The same thing would be true, *mutatis mutandis*, of any scientific text-book. It is written to supply knowledge to those who want to learn, and information to those who want to verify or supplement their knowledge. It is therefore no small merit that the trite and the commonplace should be treated in a luminous and easy style.

But commonplaces do not exhaust a subject like microscopy, which is at the present time a distinctly advancing science, and when we come to Dr. Spitta's exposition of the latest developments of his subject we do not find him equally at home. Thus the theory and possibilities of the highly magnified image receive at his hands very inadequate treatment. This topic is, of all the topics which he discusses, the most generally interesting; for the future of more than one science seems to be bound up with the improvement of the high-power microscope. The smallest forms of bacterial life go close to the limit of its power if they do not surpass it, and the minute structure of steel—to instance two only of the directions in which the high-power microscope is being used for the purposes of research—

already demands the highest magnifying power which the instrument maker can furnish. This question therefore is of vital importance and it has received in recent years the attention its importance deserves. Lord Rayleigh has shown that, contrary to what was supposed until he wrote, the limit of visibility for objects of the bacillary form must theoretically be put at a small fraction of the wave-length of light, and much below the limit to which the resolving power of existing microscopes has in fact been pushed. The pathologist is entitled therefore to ask the instrument maker for an instrument of much greater power than any he can at present supply. But of all this Dr. Spitta seems to be unaware. He writes to-day as he might have written ten years ago, and although the theory named after a Jena Professor, the Abbe theory, receives a chapter to itself, we look in vain for any reference to Lord Rayleigh's destructive criticism of that theory or for any account of Lord Rayleigh's contributions to our knowledge of the limit of visibility for minute forms of matter. It need hardly be said that the discussion of the subject under such limitations is of no scientific value, and that the merit of Dr. Spitta's work lies in its practical hints, which are the work of an experienced and skilled microscopist, and not in its theory, which in fact hardly merits even the subordinate place which he modestly assigns to it in his preface.

MR. HUEFFER'S UNREALITIES.

"An English Girl." By Ford Madox Hueffer. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

FOR a romance, as its author has chosen to describe it, this book makes remarkably little appeal to the emotions. Mr. Hueffer's address is in fact to the intellect; so much so that "An English Girl" is by no means easy reading. Its allusive conversations, designed, no doubt, to illumine the character of Eleanor Greville and her American lover, seem at first sight calculated to produce "no light, but rather darkness visible". The persons appear to understand one another perfectly, but this is little consolation to the puzzled reader who wishes they would express themselves more lucidly and not cultivate the habit of perpetual interruption. Talk that suffers from constant ellipsis becomes tiresome in the end. Nobody need question Mr. Hueffer's cleverness, but something more than cleverness is needed for creative work. His portraits are fanciful rather than imaginative. Who can believe, for instance, in his Mr. Greville, who relieves a sedentary occupation by standing up "all through such church services as he attended", and at dinner, even on board an Atlantic liner, until the removal of the soup? Greville is an intellectual conception merely. He is frankly unreal, and a measure of his unreality infects his daughter and her lover. "We've got to be ready to make the best of things—of easy things and of difficult things", says Eleanor to her fiancé, speaking as representative of her sex. "And we're ready to do it without fuss. Only it's your business to decide; we'll back up, always, anything that you do." Accordingly when he, the inheritor of vast wealth, elects to leave his millions to look after themselves, and prefers to live as a country gentleman in England, she accepts his decision; but when he revises it—"I can't funk it, I must go back to America. Even if I can't do what I wanted, there are other abuses to remedy"—she breaks off the engagement at once, and why? Not because she disapproves his intention, but because he has changed his mind. This scarcely strikes one as "making the best of things"; nor would an English girl who was high-minded and devoted to her lover, as we are asked to believe Eleanor was, behave in such a fashion. There is no reason in it. Eleanor, in short, ends by becoming as unreal, as wholly an intellectual conception, as her father. Don Collar Kelleg, her portentously named lover, has more of the stuff of life about him. Indeed, Mr. Hueffer seems more at home when dealing with Americans, their customs, manners, and country than with things English. His language, also, is tinged with Transatlantic idioms or what we

take to be such; for instance, the oft-repeated phrase "he uttered" in place of "he said" is presumably American, for it is not English. His impressionist descriptions of New York are lurid, but a little perplexing to those who have not visited that (self-styled) Flat-iron City. All, however, can understand poor Don Kelleg's predicament. His father had left him ill-gotten millions, but hampered with such restrictions that the son (at heart a Fabian) found himself impotent to break up the Trusts he loathed. Nor was this all. He attempted to compensate one particular victim of his father's dishonesty; but the victim declined all recompense save one which Don Kelleg could not grant. "I ain't hog-proud", said the victim. "I've just a thousand shares in the Carey Gold Co. They ain't worth a penny; there's no gold there, and no engines. But if you're the man your father was, you can make those shares go up to four hundred dollars apiece!" This episode, the narrative proceeds, "gave as it were the note of all Don's experiences of New York—amongst, at least, that part of the population that was in any way Americanised. As he said to Eleanor and her father, what the population wanted of you was not the abolition of Trusts, it was just the chance to turn worthless stocks into half a million dollars. 'Rigging the market! Rigging the market! That's the note of New York', he said in his bitterness". Such, precise and elaborated, is Mr. Hueffer's indictment. It is the most noteworthy feature of his novel. What will his American readers think of it?

NOVELS.

"The Daughter of Anderson Crow." By George Barr McCutcheon. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1907. 6s.

Mr. McCutcheon, who told a good story in "Jane Cable", tells a better one in "The Daughter of Anderson Crow". His central character is Anderson Crow, marshal and general police factotum of a small out-of-the-way township. But if Tinkletown was an insignificant place, it was the centre of much excitement and many wild doings during the term of Anderson Crow's marshalship. Crow himself is delicious: he is a man who rather fancies himself as a detective, one who is always thinking of "clews" (which he astutely does not divulge), who leads his fellow-citizens up to a certain point but when danger is around is one of the first to think of strategic movements for safety. He is a man who has unbounded faith in his own perspicacity, but who is chiefly remarkable for the readiness with which he can adopt a hint as though it was his own. He is given to jumping to conclusions, and then—in most undetective-like fashion—acting on those conclusions as though they were ascertained facts. This, of course, lands him in some awkward predicaments all through, from the moment that he pursues a youth hastening to a runaway marriage and arrests him as a murderer, until a score of years later he arrests the same man on a charge of "kidnapping, attempted murder, polygamy, child desertion, and nearly everything else under the sun". A mysterious infant is left on Crow's doorstep, and a thousand dollars are mysteriously sent him for her keep. All the wild incidents that follow are connected with the elucidation of the mystery. With no special relation to probable facts the story is an entertaining combination of sensationalism and farce.

"The Fashionable Christians." By Vincent Brown. London: Chapman and Hall. 1907. 6s.

Really Mr. Vincent Brown has not one particle of the genuine satirist in his literary composition. To write satire well one should know the milieu and possess some humour, whereas the fashionable Christians of this book are impossible people described in a peculiarly heavy manner. We are given a congregation of very smart people in a West End parish who, being without a spark of religious feeling, are as much absorbed in the affairs of the parish church as though they were villagers to whom the vicar's vagaries furnished the sole topic of conversation. Mr. Brown instals in this

church a simple-minded, earnest young country parson, who horrifies his flock by preaching the elements of Christianity. He has a wicked worldly brother, who had ruined a village girl. The parson so rehabilitates her that she marries a respectable young man. Well, we had that motif before in "A Magdalen's Husband." As for the main theme, we are inclined to think that Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian" on the whole gives a less faulty impression of London society. But Mr. Brown means well, and has evidently not reflected that the obvious effect of his book will be to encourage a Pharisaic spirit in the suburbs.

"In the Shade of the Cloister." By Arnold Wright. London: Constable. 1907. 6s.

This is an absolutely futile book. Mr. Arnold Wright is amazingly ignorant of the subject about which he writes. But even if he had taken the trouble to make himself familiar with the details of the monastic system, although he might have escaped some ludicrous blunders he would have been none the less quite incompetent to tackle his subject. He lacks entirely any kind of literary skill, any power of creating illusion or atmosphere. His story is merely silly. He writes of monks leaning "on soft cushions taking tea with dainty admirers", and exhibits his subtlety and originality by observing "No one suspected what a dark life seethed behind the priestly mask". Mr. Arnold Wright should be suppressed.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Two Dianas in Somaliland." By Agnes Herbert. London: Lane. 1907. 17s. 6d. net.

"A Woman's Trek from the Cape to Cairo." By Mary Hall. London: Methuen. 1907. 16s. net.

Books written by ladies one of whom went on a shooting expedition with a cousin in Somaliland and rather resents the discovery of a mere male sportsman anywhere within hail of their camp, whilst the other was the first woman to accomplish the journey through the heart of Africa from south to north, could hardly fail to interest if only on account of their novelty. From the literary point of view neither has any particular merit, and the authors' achievements do not compare of course with those of Miss Mary Kingsley in West Africa. Miss Herbert, judging by her trophies, is readier with the gun than the pen, though such a sentence as "Certainly it is one thing to look a lion in the face from England to gazing at him in Somaliland" must not be taken as a specimen of her style generally. The two books will be read for their matter, and we confess to a lively interest in the doings and adventures of these daring women prepared as they were to face privation and physical danger for the sake apparently of making a record. It is one thing for a woman to brave the terrors of wild beast, barbarous native, fever and the rest in company with the man whose call is to the heart of Africa; it is quite another to brave them single-handed, and perhaps the real interest of these books is to be found in the perfect safety with which Miss Hall and Miss Herbert were able to place themselves in the hands of native guides and bearers. Africa has indeed been opened up when a woman can make her way from Chinde to Gondokoro without molestation.

"William Allingham: a Diary." Edited by H. Allingham and D. Radford. London: Macmillan. 1907. 12s. net.

This is a book with a pleasant literary flavour, though some of the entries from Allingham's diaries seem rather small beer. Thus when he spills port on the cloth, Tennyson, "with his usual imperturbability, spread salt on it, remarking as he did so, 'I believe it never comes out'". We cannot see that this adds anything to the knowledge or gaiety of the world. There are, it must be admitted, a large number of unneeded trifles of this kind, but on the other hand the accounts of some of the talks with Tennyson, Carlyle and other leading literary men are very agreeable; and their criticisms often valuable and always fresh. One is confirmed in one's view, after reading this book, that Carlyle was a most violent bigot in many things, and grossly prejudiced. In small men, even in men of some talents, unreasonableness is quite intolerable. In genius, one somehow has no difficulty in forgiving prejudice and bigotry: Johnson, Ruskin and Carlyle are good illustrations of this. Tennyson is the chief figure in this diary, but there are some excellent glimpses of Browning and others. "He (Browning) dined at Tennyson's last night. T. in great force. He said 'this pair of dress boots is forty years old.' We all looked at them and I said it was good evidence of the immortality of the sole." For light quip and jest of this sort, as well as for grave criticism of life and literature, the book is sure to please many readers.

"The Garden Beautiful." By W. Robinson. London: Murray. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

It is always something of a treat to handle Mr. Robinson's garden books, and this book is not an exception to the rule. It is produced with a care and choiceness in all that regards text, paper, simple binding, and above all illustration, that stamp the whole with the sure mark of good taste. Mr. Robinson is fighting a really good fight against the shining, smelling "art" paper and the catchy but in the main meretricious half-tone illustrations that to the uneducated eye and uninformed taste are called "beautiful". The illustrations in this book are admirable; here is photography kept within bounds, kept in its proper sphere. What of its kind, for instance, could be better than the "Woodland Ride", facing page 104? Yet we fear that the great majority of people would consider the flashy stuff that is worked up by half-tone in the illustrated press far more beautiful than anything in this book. Mr. Robinson's chapters are full of interesting suggestions about landscape gardening. He can give some practical as well as aesthetic advice, moreover, to owners of woodlands and parks. We are fully in sympathy with his views as to fencing for woodlands. Too often it is repulsive in its iron and unnecessary ugliness.

"An Inquiry into Socialism." By Thomas Kirkup. Third Edition. London: Longmans. 1907. 4s. 6d. net.

If there were nothing else to be said about it, the fact that Mr. Kirkup's book has come to its third edition would show the curiosity that is abroad on the subject of Socialism. But this something more may be said that the "History of Socialism" and "An Inquiry into Socialism" are quite the best books with which any reader could make acquaintance with the theory and the economic, social and political history of Socialism. They may not make a reader a convert, nor would every Socialist be satisfied with the unadventurous spirit of Mr. Kirkup's views, for he represents a very moderate and cautious and unenthusiastic element in the "movement", but after reading him we think no one could talk the nonsense with which the topic has made us familiar.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Novembre. 3 fr.

This is a good number. It contains long extracts from Queen Victoria's letters, which are shortly to appear in a complete form under the editorship of M. Jacques Bardoux. A well-informed paper by M. Rouire on the Anglo-Russian Agreement hardly recognises the magnitude of the sacrifices which England has made in the supposed cause of peace, but it is interesting as showing the value set upon the arrangement by educated French opinion. No doubt from that point of view it is highly to be commended, for it undoubtedly enables Russia to play once more a considerable part in Europe, and no one doubts that that was the principal object of the understanding. France, supported by England on one side and Russia on the other, is henceforth to make her moral influence felt in Europe. But after all a moral influence which depends entirely on other people's strength does not seem to us as likely to impress Europe so much as influence depending on its own. M. Charmes' caustic remarks on French policy, both internal and external, is an amusing commentary upon M. Rouire's dreams.

THE NOVEMBER REVIEWS.

Foreign affairs in the November reviews are mainly concerned with the Anglo-Russian Agreement. In the "Fortnightly" Mr. Perceval Landon weighs up the relative gain and loss, and Mr. Angus Hamilton deals with the Persian question. Mr. Landon quotes with approval what the SATURDAY REVIEW said immediately the agreement was signed, and without raising the cry *Nous sommes trahis* declares that the Foreign Office has shown itself "grossly ignorant of the things that belong unto the peace and prosperity of India". He is particularly anxious as to the future of the Persian Gulf, Russia

(Continued on page 584.)

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having "point blank refused to insert into the agreement the slightest recognition of the continued supremacy of Great Britain". The Gulf is the one vital spot in Asia, he says. "Yet by this agreement we assist our inevitable rivals in Asia to concentrate their railway systems at a point from which the ports of the Gulf are within a week's forced marching." Mr. Hamilton maintains that potential British interests have been sacrificed: the Persian Gulf is expressly banned by a personal declaration of Sir Edward Grey, the zone allotted to Great Britain is hopelessly inadequate, and the division has been made on principles which no longer bear any relation to the existing situation. The agreement means in any case, Mr. Hamilton suggests, a distinct loss to our prestige in Asia. In Mr. Landon's view the final test of the argument that the agreement will safeguard our Indian frontiers will come when Lord Kitchener shows whether he is prepared to sanction the reduction of the Indian Army estimates by £3,000,000. The editor of the "Albany" takes it for granted that Mr. Morley will seek to bring about such a reduction, and apparently thinks the Anglo-Russian Agreement is largely the work of the Secretary for India. "The chagrin of the Anglo-Indian Imperialists and Militarists on finding that the pretext of all their costly preparations and the groundwork of their frontier intrigues and 'untoward' incidents have been cut clear away is the measure of Mr. Morley's diplomatic achievement." The agreement, we are assured, knocks the bottom out of the Kitchener policy.

Dr. Dillon, in the "Contemporary", is convinced we have got more favourable terms from Russia than might have been looked for—how much less we might have expected if the agreement was to be concluded at all he does not say—and he declares that "too little stress" has been laid on the fact that "we have won every trick of the game that was not lost before the negotiations were begun". The "National Review" approves the agreement as "an eminently sound piece of constructive diplomacy which should substantially strengthen the prospects of peace", but the "National's" approval is suspect. It apparently springs from a belief that the arrangement finally rescues Great Britain from the position of Germany's European satellite. It is something that the editor of the "National" assures the Kaiser of a courteous reception on his visit to King Edward. Mr. E. Dicey, in the "Empire Review", hopes that the Emperor will have a cordial welcome, which will show that "by-gones are by-gones". Mr. Dicey has doubts of the Russian Agreement, but the knowledge that it was concluded on the initiative of the King encourages him to hope that his misgivings may prove to be unfounded. "It is no flattery to say that King Edward VII. has a far greater personal knowledge of foreign Courts, foreign policies, foreign statesmen, foreign interests and aspirations than any one of his Ministers, not excepting Sir Edward Grey." Sir Horace Rumbold in the "National", writing on the change which has overtaken British foreign policy, is also of opinion that "our Royal pacificator may well look back with pride" to the work in which he has taken part. To the general improvement in our foreign relations, he thinks, "the wise and statesmanlike" agreement with Russia will contribute. Another monarch whose personal character has long been an asset for European peace is the Emperor Francis Joseph, of whom Mr. Archibald Colquhoun writes admirably in the "Fortnightly". Mr. Colquhoun shows the difficulties, domestic as well as imperial, which the Emperor had to face, and explains how he broke away from the reactionary Hapsburg régime. "The great triumph of Francis Joseph as a statesman-parliamentarian came in 1907, when he succeeded in putting through a scheme for universal suffrage in his Austrian dominions and from his sick-bed saved the Ausgleich." In the same review Dr. Louis Elkind gives some account of the views and work of Count Bülow, the German Chancellor, who is associated with King Edward and the Emperor William in sparing no pains at the right moment to clear up misunderstandings and free the political atmosphere of explosive materials.

Two political articles in the "Nineteenth Century" make refreshing reading. Mr. J. A. Spender, with a temerity of which he shows himself to be quite conscious, breaks a lance with Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose Prefaces he thinks have been left too much to the dramatic critic. Mr. Shaw will be relieved to know that he is on the side of the angels, notwithstanding certain lapses into which irony has betrayed him. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a ponderous essay on the Second Chamber, tells us that "the Motherland is to-day face to face with the task of making another decided change in her ever-developing Constitution". He thinks it will be a very easy task to establish a second chamber in Great Britain on the lines of the American Senate. Upon consideration, he says, it will be found that a Constitution must be written. British experience to the contrary is a detail which does not enter into Mr. Carnegie's "consideration". And then we strike this profound thought: "As Lord Rosebery has pointed out, 'the Commons in partnership with the House of Lords is unmistakably the predominant partner'. The vote of a predominant partner in affairs always predominates. There is no appeal." That is a gem of political wisdom, platitudinous as it is untrue, such as one could expect only from the millionaire

demagogue. Mr. Carnegie's view is naturally not shared by "Blackwood", which declares that the intervention of the House of Lords has become a constitutional necessity, as "the only barrier against a subtle form of despotism such as Mr. Gladstone himself foresaw some thirty years ago". "Blackwood" will not even accept the argument that the House of Lords is not representative, and reminds its readers of the occasions on which it has actually given effect to the will of the people against the vote of the Commons. The political notes in the "National" this month are unusually caustic. They are anti-Balfour, anti-Bannerman, and anti-Churchill.

Lord Newton in the "Nineteenth Century" effectively answers Mr. Harold Cox on the working of the Swiss Militia System. "Mr. Harold Cox's theory that a country can be successfully defended by the punctual payment of rates and taxes and by the citizen's pursuance of a blameless domestic life may commend itself to those who believe in getting their duty done for them by others. . . . Perhaps the best reply to the assertion that the Swiss system is unsuited to our needs is that Mr. Haldane's much-advertised Territorial Army scheme is but a belated and half-hearted attempt at imitation." Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson shares some of Mr. Harold Cox's anti-military idealism. In an article in the "Albany" on "Peace or War?" he frankly admits that the anti-military movement is one of idealism which "confronts the enthusiasm of war with that of peace". He does not admit that peace in a well-organised society would involve slackness, and urges that all the great qualities with which the better kind of officer in the army is credited would be required under the Socialist régime. If human nature were different from what it is and every nation were to agree to abolish its army, then there would be something to be said for such theories. As it is their adoption would leave us in a military sense as completely at the mercy of the foreigner as we now are in an economic sense.

Mr. W. L. Courtney gives us in the "Fortnightly" an advance chapter of his book, "The Literary Man's Bible", on Jewish Philosophy and the Hellenic Spirit, and in the same review we have Mr. Lewis Melville on Thackeray's Ballads, which Mr. Whibley's recent monograph on Thackeray did not even refer to. They strike us as interesting only because they were Thackeray's: their merits are those of the very minor poet. They have neither the timbre nor the thought of, and are of course in quite a different category from, Mr. George Meredith's poetry, on which Mr. Pelham Edgar writes in the "National". Another notable literary paper in the "National" is Lady Robert Cecil's on the Cant of Unconventionality as illustrated by recent novels and criticism of fiction. "Blackwood" and Sir Algernon West in the "Contemporary" both review Queen Victoria's Letters.

For this Week's Books see pages 586 and 588.

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Botticelli (Henry Bryan Binns); Creuze (Alyns Eyre Macklin). Jack. 1s. 6d. net each.
A History of Sculpture (Ernest H. Short). Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.
Legend in Japanese Art (Henri L. Joly). Lane. 84s. net.
Vasari on Technique (Translated by Louise S. Maclehoze). Dent. 15s. net.
The Builders of Florence (J. Wood Brown). Methuen. 18s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Coke of Norfolk and his Friends (A. M. W. Stirling. 2 vols.). Lane. 32s. net.
The Letters of Robert Schumann (Translated by Hannah Bryant). 9s. net; Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet (John Masson), 12s. net. Murray.
Mirabeau the Demi-God (W. R. H. Trowbridge). Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.
Eugène Delacroix (Dorothy Bussy). Duckworth. 5s. net.
Letters of Dr. John Brown (Edited by his Son and D. W. Forrest). Black. 10s. 6d. net.
James Francis Edward (Martin Haile). Dent. 16s. net.
A Life of Gilbert Burnet (H. C. Foxcroft). Cambridge: At the University Press. 15s. net.
The Washbourne Family (James Davenport). Methuen. 21s. net.

FICTION

Scars (Christopher Stone). Heinemann. 6s.
Feadora's Failure (Lucie E. Jackson). Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
A Charming Girl (Esmé Stuart). Greening. 6s.
The Woman in the Way (William Le Queux); Mr. Strudge (Percy White). Nash. 6s. each.
The Sentimental Traveller (Vernon Lee), 3s. 6d. net; Open Hatchways (Hon. Henry J. Coke), The Malice of the Stars (E. W. De Guérin), 6s. each. Lane.
A Subaltern of Horse (Author of "On the Heels of De Wet"); Muggins of the Modern Side (Edmund Francis Sellar); Nepenthes (Florence Hayllar). Edinburgh: Blackwood. 6s. each.
Cambria Carty and other Stories (William Buckley). Dublin: Maunsell. 3s. 6d.
She Loved Much (Alfred Buchanan). Fisher Unwin. 6s.
The Inevitable Law (F. E. Penny). Chatto and Windus. 6s.
A Seamless Robe (Ada Carter). Laurie. 6s.
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The Myopes (Marmaduke Pickthall); The Furnace (R. Macaulay); A Nurse's Bequest (Lillias Hamilton). Murray. 6s. each.
The Lost Clue (Mrs. O. F. Walton). Religious Tract Society. 6s.
The Secret Door (Derek Vane); The Devil and Dolores (Arthur Applin). Everett. 6s. each.
Her Path to the Stars (Marianne Kirelew). Gay and Bird. 5s.
The Red Year (Louis Tracy). White. 6s.
The Story of an Alpine Winter (Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond). Bell. 5s.

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Mr. Bernard Shaw's first published contribution appeared in PUBLIC OPINION for April 3, 1875. It was a letter concerning Moody and Sankey, and has quite the Shavian manner.

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S. F. EDGE (1907).

THE first ordinary (statutory) general meeting of the members of S. F. Edge (1907), Limited, was held on Thursday, Mr. S. F. Edge (managing director) presiding.

The Chairman said: This meeting, as you know, has been called in accordance with the statute, and is therefore of a formal nature; but there are a few little details with which I think it will be just as well that you should be familiar at this period. From the report that we sent out you will notice that we issued 563,058 shares, and at that time they were not all fully paid up. To-day the position is that there is only £1,608 owing on account of share calls out of £63,058 of issued capital. The next operation is that we have taken out a balance-sheet for the purpose of arriving at the figures stated in the prospectus, and we find our position up to the end of July is 20 per cent. better than for the corresponding period of last year. Now, that seems fairly satisfactory, and arising out of that there is a matter that I would like to refer to—viz., the present position of the motor-car trade. The trade at the present time is rather curious—in this way: it is curious for the reason that there is a great volume of trade still being done throughout the world; but that volume of trade is being done rather by a few firms than by the many. Both in France and in Italy there is very serious financial depression in the motor-car trade, arising from two causes. One is the acute financial depression in America and other places, which undoubtedly must have an effect on the buyers of motor-cars; but I think, primarily, the reason is that a great number of firms in Italy and France, and even in this country and Germany, rushed into the fray and attempted to make large and powerful motor-cars without reputation. The present position is that a large number of firms have turned round and said: "Big motor-cars are a mistake; we will make small ones;" with the result that a number of firms, in the hope of bettering their position for next year, are rushing into the manufacture of small cars. I think they are going to be just as badly off as they were with the big ones, for the simple reason that that class of trade is extremely well catered for by existing firms such as Humbers and Rovers in this country and the De Dions and Panhards in France. They have had years of experience in making that type of small car. They have their factories equipped for doing that work, and can do it at prices that a newcomer in that class of business simply cannot compete with at all. We are in this position: We have set ourselves out to get the cream—if I may so term the top class of the trade—of the motor-car business, and we believe that with Mr. Napier's six-cylinder principle we have absolutely succeeded in doing this. The reason is fairly obvious. We have demonstrated and shown in a public way that the six-cylinder type of motor-car exemplified by Mr. Napier's design is in front of any similar type of four-cylinder motor-car; but in the past the trouble has been that the expense of producing that car has always made a rather limited market for us. We have specialised, and I believe that in the motor business it is only those firms who can specialise who can hope to succeed, and who are going to continue. Orders in hand for the 1908 season are the best proof that our policy is the right one.

Major Trippel moved a resolution authorising the directors to pay out of the funds of the Company to each of the directors of S. F. Edge, Limited (old Company), as part of the management expenses for the period from January 1 to July 25, 1907, the sum of £1,750 as remuneration for their services.

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